

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

JULY 16, 1925  
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JULY AIN'T A MONTH  
WHEN A FARMER C'N  
REALLY LAY OUT TO  
ENJOY HIMSELF . . THE  
WEATHER'S TOO HOT FOR  
ONE THING . AND THERE'S  
TOO MUCH TO BE DONE  
IN HAYIN' . . ABOUT ALL THE REAL  
COMFORT HE C'N GIT OUT OF SUCH  
PARCHIN' WEATHER IS IN SAYIN' TO  
HIMSELF THAT HAY MADE QUICK IS HAY  
MADE WELL . AND THAT IT TAKES SWEL-  
TERIN' NIGHTS TO FILL A CORN BIN!

—CALEB PEASLEE'S ALMANAC

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## Washington



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### CHICKEN POX

CHICKEN pox, called also varicella, is one of the infectious, eruptive fevers of childhood, in the same class as scarlet fever and measles, but it is a much milder disease than they. The eruption, which is virtually all there is to chicken pox, begins with the appearance of a few rose-colored spots, the size of a pinhead, on the chest and abdomen, the scalp and the forehead. Soon vesicles, or minute blisters, appear on these spots, and, if they are not broken by scratching, they dry up in three or four days, forming little scales; these scales fall off, leaving slightly reddish spots, which gradually disappear. The whole course of the eruption, from pinkish spots to reddish spots, takes about four or five days, but, as there are usually several successive crops, the disease itself may last a week or ten days.

There are usually some premonitory symptoms for a day or so before the eruption appears. The child is a little out of sorts, it has little appetite, it complains of headache and a chilly feeling and is listless. The fever accompanies the rash, but the temperature is seldom more than a degree or two above normal. Throughout the attack the patient is never gravely ill and if it were not for the eruption would hardly be thought to be ill at all or would be considered at the most to be suffering from a little indigestion, which a dose of castor oil would put right.

The worst of the affection is the itching of the vesicles. As the little patient is almost sure to scratch, his hands should be kept clean and his nails short, or he should wear a pair of clean cotton gloves. The only treatment is to keep the child in bed while the fever lasts and to give him a gentle laxative now and then.

The only importance that attaches to chicken pox is the danger of mistaking it for smallpox, or the reverse. The last mistake may be a serious one. In chicken pox the slight indisposition that is felt before the eruption appears continues unchanged; on the other hand, in smallpox the patient feels very ill for two or three days until the eruption appears, but as soon as it is out he feels quite well for a time. That is the chief difference in the symptoms that accompany the onset of the two diseases.

### THE SPANISH EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

THE old ex-Empress Eugenie, driven out by France, for so many years an exile in England, died at last in Spain, the land of her birth. "Her love of England and the English was deep and intelligent," an English friend has recorded in a recent volume of reminiscences. "She would even insist that our improvidence is the trait of a strong race, confident in its power to face the future—an aspect she so greatly admired, but used to joke about sometimes."

"If a man were falling from the top of the monument," she once said, "you would hear him exclaiming as he turned in midair, 'It'll all come right in the end!'"

There was another trait of her British friends that she liked to poke fun at—their much-lauded domesticity. She pointed out that no nation travels more and is less given to prolonged sojourn beside the domestic hearth than the English. "You are always somewhere else," she declared with point, "and yet behold the people that are never tired of singing on all possible occasions 'Ome, Sweet Ome!'"

Although her love of the land that had given her refuge never faltered, she became as she drew on toward old age once more intensely Spanish, and there were occasional lively incidents when, as sometimes happened, persons with whom she conversed forgot that the Empress of the French had belonged in her girlhood to the nobility of Spain and was no

less proud of her blue blood than of the honors that came to her by marriage. With much humor and spirit she told her English friends how, soon after the United States had victoriously concluded the Spanish War and acquired the Philippines, her yacht chanced to be moored in the harbor of Naples between two American men-of-war. The two American captains courteously invited the royal lady to visit their ships. She put them off with polite but vague excuses, but they repeated their invitations with such urgency—they were at the moment calling upon her in the saloon of the yacht—that at last she pointed to the rifle rack and said:

"Well, you see, I could only go on board with those!"

The captains looked profoundly puzzled; then one of them exclaimed, "I have it! I guess you're a Spaniard!"

And, drawing herself erect, the empress said, "Yes, I am a Spaniard!"

### AN HISTORIC JEST

THERE was never a more incorrigible joker than Eugene Field—not even Theodore Hook himself, whose very considerable fame rests on nothing except his jokes. About the most daring of all Field's performances was one that he perpetrated when he was a very young reporter, and no less a man than Carl Schurz, general, Senator and Cabinet minister, was the victim. Mr. Charles H. Dennis recalls it in *The Creative Years of Eugene Field*.

In the second year of his newspaper service Field made a tour of Missouri with Carl Schurz, then a United States Senator from that state. Schurz, who was seeking reelection, made political addresses wherever he went, and Field reported the meetings for his newspaper, incidentally perpetrating countless jokes. One of these jokes has become famous, and various versions of it have found their way into print. I had the story from Field's own lips, and I tell it as he told it to me.

When Schurz and his party had arrived at one town where he had been advertised to speak, the local celebrity to whom had been assigned the task of introducing him failed to appear. The crowd had assembled and was growing impatient, the orator of the occasion was on the platform; but still the absence of the chairman of the meeting prolonged the awkward wait. Schurz expressed his annoyance to those seated near him. Field thereupon jumped up from his chair, saying, "I'll introduce you, Senator," and, knowing that Schurz would suspect a trick, advanced to the front of the platform before Schurz could demur. Then Field made the introduction substantially as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, h'm, h'm!" (He coughed hoarsely.) "I regret it dot I haf a fery bad coldt." (More coughing.) "I am so sorry to say it, but I cannot make dot speech. Howeffor, it gifs me great bleasore to introduce to you mine tear friendt, dot prilliant chouralist, Meester Euchene Fieldt,"—turning and waving his hand toward the amazed and indignant Schurz,—"who will now address you."

Then he sat down.

### TEMPTING JAPANESE DISHES

A MISSIONARY subscriber who labors in Japan writes us to say that he was very much interested in the article *Here Is Variety in Food* that we printed not long ago. The writer describes the water-lily bulbs as "heavy tubers like dingy-hued bananas growing end to end in chains a yard long." That is a very accurate description, says our correspondent, but I must differ with him when he says that "only the Oriental palate has ever been able to appreciate them."

The Japanese prepare them in two ways; sometimes they pickle them with vinegar and sugar, sometimes they boil them till they are tender in a native sauce, sweeter and less peppery than Worcestershire sauce. In both forms they are found delicious by most Americans I know, and they look very pretty too, in the first almost white, in the latter a rich brown. We Americans also boil the roots in water, mash them, add seasoning and egg and make croquettes a good deal like hamburger steak in appearance and flavor.

Your writer speaks of Chinese rose-flower marmalade. Here in Japan we have cherry-blossom pickles. We take the large pink cherry blossoms as they grow in clusters of five or more and pack them down in salt, which makes a brine. They keep their color wonderfully well and have a haunting, fascinating flavor when used as a dainty relish. Small yellow chrysanthemum blossoms are used in the same way, but their flavor is too pungent for most Occidental tastes. Large green cherry leaves, pickled in brine, give a delicious, indescribable fragrance to the cakes of pounded rice and sweetened bean paste about which they are wrapped.

### OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS

THE influence of environment is plainly to be seen in the way Johnny, aged seven, who lives in New Jersey, answered his teacher. "Why are we sometimes told to pour oil on troubled waters?" she asked him.

"So the mosquitoes won't breed," replied Johnny.



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL

*The old man stood a moment considering the situation*

## THE PICKEREL FOR THE SCHOOLHOUSE WELL

By C. A. Stephens



FOR many years the water at our old farm was taken from a well, till finally an hydraulic ram—"The Little Giant"—was installed at the east brook, a quarter of a mile away. All our neighbors used well water, and nearly every well had a pickerel in it.

The fish were thought to keep the water pure, the real reason being that they devoured earthworms (angleworms) which fall into unprotected wells out of doors.

Our house well was the home, or rather the dungeon, of a fine great pickerel; and on a bright day we often amused ourselves by reflecting the sunlight down the well from a small mirror and so catching glimpses of him in the depths below.

The pickerel had been there ten years and was fully a foot and a half long, but it had a bleached, gray, shadowy look from being so long immured in those dark depths. Addison named our pickerel "The Prisoner of Chillon," having in mind the well-known poem in which the captive says:

"My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears."

Once when the water of the well at our district schoolhouse had grown foul and the school agent had come with a man to clean it, fetching ropes, buckets and scoop, they found a closely coiled mass of angleworms at the bottom, as large as a peck measure. On falling into the cold water the worms torpidly clung together. A pickerel would have eaten them as fast as they fell in; and I recollect that the day after the well had been cleaned the schoolmistress appointed a committee of four of us larger boys to catch a pickerel to put in the well.

We should have hailed no task with greater delight. The teacher had glanced round the room and designated Tom Edwards, Ned Wilbur and myself, vastly to the disappointment of several others; then to complete the committee she added "Bub" Sylvester, whom the rest of us considered a very poor choice; for he was a clumsy, overgrown, slow-witted lad—one of those youngsters who naturally acquire the nickname

of "Bub" and never outgrow it. His real name was Llewellyn Rufus Udalius Sylvester—enough, one might say, to render any boy clumsy.

The committee was intrusted with the schoolhouse water pail in which to fetch back the pickerel when caught. After speeding home for hooks and lines, it set off in high feather for Foy's dam, stopping at Robbins's bog on the way to capture a dozen frogs for bait.

Foy's dam was the finest water for pickerel, eels and horn pouts in that whole region; also for water snakes and mud turtles. It was a singular combination of a pond two miles away and an extensive grassy marsh, with a wide, stagnant stream meandering through it that, when the gate at the dam was closed, flowed back, partly inundating the marsh: just the kind of locality pickerel love, since there were deep black pools at the crooks of the stream, and soft, oozy shoals, good for basking in the sunshine.

For years, too, there was a large boat, used in the spring by lumbermen and kept lying at the dam—just such a craft as the boys liked to embark in and go slowly poling or paddling up the stream through the marsh toward the pond, throwing out hooks and live frog bait ahead. There were oars for rowing, also a setting pole and an anchor, a rusted old sledge hammer, with a line forty or fifty feet long.

The owners of the boat, two good-natured brothers named Seth and Hosea Robbins, who operated the sawmill, never objected to the boys using it and never kept it locked. All they asked of us was that we should fetch it back to the dam when we had finished with it; and, though boys are often careless, it was a part of the code of honor never to damage the Robbins boat or leave it adrift.

"Now, if nobody's fishing ahead of us and has got the boat, we'll soon have a pickerel," Tom said, as we raced along the footpath through the woods and drew near the dam. Fortune appeared to favor us. There lay the boat, and not a soul was in sight about the old mill. The committee hastily embarked

and pushed out on the little pond above the dam. But dissension arose. All four of us wanted to fish from the boat at once. This proved impracticable, especially as one of our number was the clumsy and inept Bub. After some plain talk, it was reluctantly admitted that the labors of the committee must be divided. Bub was persuaded to sit down in the bow and take charge of the water pail in which the pickerel, when caught, was to be transported to the schoolhouse well. This, we told him, was the most important thing to be done—our chief anxiety being to get him to sit down. Tom and Ned then succeeded in convincing me that really the next most important thing was to stand in the stern and pole the boat; they were then free to string their lines, bait their hooks and do the fishing. Bub and I were not wholly content with our duties, but we were constrained to accept them in the high interests of the common enterprise.

The fish were slow to bite that forenoon. A party, we suspected, had been fishing earlier in the morning. Ned at length hooked a pickerel that was detached without great damage to its gills. It was a small one; but, lest we might fail to catch another, it was put in the pail.

After this small catch we proceeded for nearly a mile through the marsh till we came to the log landing where in winter, when the marsh was frozen, pine lumber had been drawn across it from the mountain side to the eastward, and rolled into the stream to be floated later down to the Robbins sawmill. Here was a fine deep pool where there were always good hopes of catching at least one large pickerel, sometimes a whole creelful. On the one side was deep water where a kind of platform made of logs projected a little over the brink of the pool, held in place by two strong poles, driven deep into the muck; on the other there spread a wide, shallow flat of oozy, black mud. We came round a bend so quietly that a heron, standing asleep on one leg, was not disturbed until the boat was close upon it. Then with a harsh squawk it rose, making a tremendous flapping of its wings.

Suddenly there came a rise, but not from

a fish. The biggest mud turtle I ever saw surged upward with a deep swirl of the black water and grabbed Tom's frog. I have no doubt that the turtle weighed forty pounds. Very likely he was a hundred years old—he looked it.

Tom yanked, from instinct, I suppose, not that he wanted to catch a turtle, and then things began to happen in the boat. The turtle came directly under us. Ned sprang up. Then Bub rose with a yell. We were all up now, the boat rocking violently, fish poles crossed, lines tangled.

"Sit down, sit down! Sit down, everybody!" Tom shouted and sat down himself; but Bub, trying to obey orders and save the pail, pitched head foremost over the side! The water under the boat, however, was no more than two or three feet deep. If Bub had turned and laid hold of the side of the boat, we might have pulled him back aboard, with no more than a wetting, but he came partly to his feet and made for the muddy border of the pool, thirty or forty feet away. He wanted to get ashore, but he had no sooner approached the oozy border of the pool than his feet began to sink in the soft mud. When he tried to pull up one foot the other sank deeper, and almost before he or we in the boat were aware of the danger he was knee-deep and getting deeper with every effort he made to step.

One who has never been in soft mud has little idea of the suction and of the awful sense of being drawn down that begins as soon as a person is over his knees in it. Bub felt this and began suddenly to howl from terror. "I can't get out!" he screamed, then burst forth crying. For a moment we laughed incredulously, but immediately perceived that Bub was really sinking deeper and unable to move his feet. "Oh, help me! Help me!" he sobbed. "I'm sinking! I'm going down! I shall be smothered!"

Thereupon I attempted to push the boat over near him, with the setting pole; but it grounded on the mud while still several yards away. I reached out the pole to him, however, and he seized the end of it, nearly pulling me out of the boat in his frantic efforts to extricate himself. We could not bring the boat very near to him; it burrowed in the mud and careened when we pulled, till water came in over the gunwale; yet as

soon as we stopped pulling, Bub sank deeper. He was now down nearly the entire length of his legs, and panic fell on us. All the while Bub was sobbing, screaming for help, crying out too for his mother to come. He was quite frightened out of his wits and had lost all self-control. As for Tom, Ned and myself, we too were at our wits' end. We dared not get out in the mud ourselves to help him and knew not what to do.

Then it came into our minds that we might prevent him from sinking deeper by throwing a loop of the anchor rope over his shoulders and holding him up by that. Ned hurriedly untied it from the ring in the stern and tied a slipknot at the end, making a broad loop.

"Catch this and put it over your head," we called to Bub, and after several ineffectual tossings he caught it, but he was so numb with terror that he would as soon have let it draw tight round his neck. After repeated exhortations we got him to work the loop down over his shoulders and let it tighten under his arms. Then we pulled at it, but by this time Bub was so deep in the mud that we might as well have pulled at a fence post. At once too the boat careened toward him till water came in again.

What we would or could have done next I hardly know. For some time we held fast,

determined not to let him sink, Bub meantime sobbing and screaming at intervals. Futile too as his outcries appeared, they probably proved his salvation, for they had come to the ears of one of the Robbins brothers—Hosea—down at the sawmill. The old man came through the woods and presently appeared on the log platform just across the stream from where the boat lay.

"What's the matter there?" he called, though what had happened was easily apparent. In great agitation all three of us explained, and the old man stood a moment considering the situation.

"Take one of your jackknives and cut the sledge off the other end of that anchor rope," he bade us. "Then hook one of your fishhooks into the free end of it and float the pole and line across to me."

When Tom had done so Hosea drew the rope across the boat to the log landing, then, laying hold of it, planted his feet and pulled steadily for some time. But Bub stuck fast.

"I guess some of you'll have to come over here and help me pull," Hosea said after a second effort. "He's in there pretty deep and starts hard."

By dint of poling we finally got the boat off the shallow, made a hasty landing on the platform, and laid hold of the rope with a will. Four of us were now pulling at the

unhappy Bub, who soon began to cry out that we hurt him. "The rope's cutting into me!" he cried. "It pinches! Oh, you'll cut me in two!" But his case appeared so desperate that we kept pulling, and finally we hauled him out slantwise into the pool, then hurriedly snaked him across it and up to the brink of the log platform. He went head under once or twice, but in a moment more we had him out among us, coughing, spluttering and wailing distressfully all in a breath. "You've cut me in two!" he kept crying out. "You've cut me in two!"

On looking inside his shirt we saw a deep red furrow across his plump back. He couldn't get up, or thought he couldn't; after a while he was helped into the boat and taken back to the dam, where the Robbins brothers hitched up their horse and carried him home.

Meanwhile the remainder of the committee on pickerel had bethought themselves to look in the water pail under the forward thwart of the boat. The little pickerel was still there, in spite of the tumult that had raged over its head; but it was gasping and sadly in want of fresh water. Hastily changing the water in the pail, we took it to the schoolhouse well and dropped it in, to begin its term of life-long servitude, *pro bono publico*.

I have to add that a good deal of complaint was made against us by Bub's family, his mother in particular. We were accused of pulling him out of the mud with great and unreasonable violence. I believe that a physician was called to examine the furrow made by the rope about his body. It was thought too that one or more of his ribs had been cracked.

We may have acted unwisely, yet what else could we have done? There was no time for many precautions. Our boyish idea of it was that Bub was better out of that slough, even with two cracked ribs, than over head and ears in it—and that was the view generally taken.

Once, ten or eleven years later, while at home on a visit at the old farm, I chanced to pass the schoolhouse and stopped to look in the well to see if our pickerel was still there. At first I could see nothing, but on dropping in a grasshopper there was an instant rise and snap. Yes, he was down there still and doing business.

It may be added that the old-fashioned method of clearing a well of earthworms, by keeping a fish in it, may be much improved upon by use of an impervious lining of cement to a depth of three feet in the ground about the top. That will effectually prevent the earthworms from falling in.

# LADY CARRUTHERS

Chapter Three. Swinn gives his answer

By Katherine M. Harbaugh



LET us take our mothers and go to call on the Carrutherses this evening," suggested Lorena.

Sue looked at her doubtfully. "Do you think we'd better?"

"Well, they've been there two weeks, and nobody has stopped longer than to leave things. I know the old lady would like company."

"The gift without the giver is bare," hummed Sue. "I think that Sunnyview has done itself proud. All but Silas Swinn, and I haven't asked him yet."

Appealed to by Sue and Lorena, the hard-working homesteaders in the community had contributed of their none-too-abundant means.

On this evening, when Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Adams accompanied the girls, they found the shabby ramshackle dwelling furnished with cushions and curtains and even pictures. A gay-striped rag rug was spread before the cot; an old cookstove minus the legs was propped on bricks; a clock ticked cheerfully on the shelf, and there was a bright shade on the lamp.

Jason Carruthers's thin face was still pale and etched with lines of pain and anxiety. One could understand that it would be difficult for him to make his own way even if freed from the care of his mother. She, indeed, now seemed the stronger of the two. Her face was flushed with excitement, her small dark eyes snapped with animation. She greeted the women and accepted their tributes—for intended doles to old age and poverty were suddenly converted by her grand manner into tributes offered to a superior being. The despair that had once caused her to threaten her own life, the desperation that had urged her on to headlong flight, were now forgotten, and with almost a condescending flourish she ushered her guests in.

"Please be seated," she said. "I do hope you won't mind the house not being entirely straightened yet. When a body's moving, you know, it takes a while to get the furniture settled."

Her imposing air startled Mrs. Adams, and Mrs. Harris bit her lip to keep from laughing. A little imp of mischief seemed to lurk in Rebecca Carruthers's dark eyes as she surveyed her visitors. "I know you'll excuse my having only one easy chair to offer you," she went on, "but all our things aren't here yet. Moving vans are so slow."

"Now, mother," expostulated Jason. He reddened with embarrassment.

His mother laughed. "Hoity-toity! The poor lad's a regular sobersides when it comes to a joke. Never mind, Jase, I'll behave

pretty and not plague you, son. But I do think that fat woman, Mrs. Whatsname, —Stone,—might have brought green tea instead of black. Why didn't she ask me what kind of tea I liked. Tell me that!"

"Mother!" exclaimed Jason Carruthers. "You'll have to excuse my mother. She—"

"Jase Carruthers," interrupted the old woman, "don't you go saying that I'm childish. I won't have it. And I suppose I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth or notice the color of the tea. Maybe you folks like black tea."

"Why—why, yes. I really prefer it," Mrs. Adams said.

"Well, thanks be!" Mrs. Carruthers jumped up. "Here's where I get rid of some of the pesky stuff. Bring a little sagebrush, Jase," she ordered; "we're going to have a regular little tea party."

"Please don't go to the trouble," protested Mrs. Adams. "We have—" She hesitated, for the old woman's face showed disappointment. Mrs. Adams thought it was ridiculous to come to contribute to these poor refugees' comfort and remain to share what others had given them, but, as she hated to hurt an old person's feelings, she faltered in her refusal. Mrs. Carruthers bade Jason "get a move on." Then she hastened to place dishes on the table—cups and spoons that Lorena and Sue recognized as coming from the Smiths' and the Jenkinses'.

As if she could read their thoughts, the old woman stopped in her preparations and grinned elfishly. "You don't need to feel that you're robbing me, for I'll be a lot older than I am before I take to drinking black tea," she assured them. She cut bread and dished out peach preserves that had come from the Dawson cellar. Then when the tea was drawn she urged her visitors to take their places at her table. "My," she exclaimed, "but this seems nice. The Babcocks were always great for company. I wish you could have seen my old set of Haviland china." Jason looked uncomfortable and Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Adams were nonplussed, but the hostess beamed with satisfaction.

Sue was vastly amused at the unexpected turn of their charity call. No care, no worry, seemed to oppress their protégée. She chatted at ease, poked fun at her serious son and often referred to the Babcocks and former opulence. But before the visitors left she was seized with a sudden weakness and had to be helped to her couch. Jason Carruthers bathed her face, gave her a cool drink and fanned her until she was more comfortable.

"It's the excitement," he said; "mother just will excite herself." Later as he walked to the gate with them he begged them to make allowances. "Mother doesn't like to be considered childish, but she doesn't realize

that she ought to talk and act—well—humble."

"Never mind!" Mrs. Harris's voice was kind. "Anyone should overlook a good deal in old people."

"And I don't know that she should grovel just because we're able to help a little," added Mrs. Adams. "It's nice to see her so happy."

"But it does seem as if she might be more grateful," commented Lorena when they were well down the road.

Sue smiled. "I've helped enough in relief work to learn that gratitude is almost an extinct virtue."

"But it would make people more willing to give if they felt that she appreciated it," said Lorena.

Sue laughed, and the women in the front seat turned to look at her. "I was just thinking of your faces when Lady Carruthers was serving tea," she explained.

"Lady Carruthers!" That suits her exactly," said Mrs. Adams. "She should be a duchess at the least."

"But Lorena's right," added Sue more soberly. "For my part I don't want the old lady to fawn and truckle, but some people expect full value in gratitude for their gifts. And I've noticed that, although everyone has given something, none seemed keen about the Carrutherses staying here all the time."

"And that is what you plan to have them do, Sue?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"There's no other place for them to go to except the poorhouse."

"You can see how cruel it would be to separate them. The poor old woman can't live much longer anyway," said Lorena.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Sue answered. "Lady Carruthers has plenty of vim. She may live to be a hundred. I believe they can be set on their feet—if we give them time."

"Well, I'm sure that any of us homesteaders will do what we can for them," Mrs. Adams said. "Of course all of us have to dig for a living these first years on new land—"

"The only way to handle a case is to have a system," Sue declared. "Now this haphazard giving! Why, one day Lorena and I found the Carrutherses with sugar enough to run them two or three months and not a bit of salt. One should have a little ready money to buy essentials in a case like this."

"You always speak of them as 'a case,'" objected Lorena.

"Well, they are," said Sue calmly, "a typical case—"

But Lorena was not heeding. "I was talking to the girls in our class, and only one of them has a grandmother in the State of Idaho," she interrupted eagerly. "And I was wondering—people adopt children, why couldn't we adopt Mrs. Carruthers as a

grandmother? I believe she'd rather be a grandmother than just a case."

They had halted at the Adams house and now lingered talking before they drove on. In the moonlight the desert stretched away gray and empty. Only the tremulous yelping of a coyote broke the stillness. Sue slipped an arm about Lorena. "You always do think of the most human things!" she exclaimed. "And it's not a bad idea. In war times it was common for classes to adopt a Belgian or a French orphan and see to its support. We'll have to suggest this to the kids at school. There's no way for us to earn money here, but we might get up an entertainment or supper and raise some. We really should have some cash. Our lady grandmother needs shoes."

"What are you girls plotting so earnestly?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"Plotting against the whites," Sue said mysteriously, "and tomorrow we're going to tackle Silas Swinn."

"You'll be disappointed there."

"Oh, I don't know. Remember, Andrew says I'm the 'prize beggar of Seattle.'"

Nevertheless it was with some trepidation that Sue approached Silas Swinn's house the next afternoon. His bungalow was the most pretentious dwelling for miles around. The low wide-flung roof covered a dozen rooms. Screened porches surrounded the house, and, most noticeable of all here in the desert, there were green lawns, flower beds, climbing vines and trees at the sapling stage of growth, for Swinn had filed on the water rights of a creek in the foothills, impounded its waters and piped them to his homestead. In addition he had driven a deep well, too expensive an undertaking for his neighbors to attempt; he alone in all the Sunnyview district had an abundance of water. This he sold to the settlers for twenty cents a barrel, to the overland traveler for five cents a bucket. He had no women-folk; two Basques kept his house and grounds in order.

Here were corrals and sheds where his sheep were sheared, and here he kept a quantity of supplies to outfit his herders. The place was a kind of halfway station between his holdings on the Snake River where he wintered his flocks and the foothills of the Sawtooth Range where he pastured them in summer.

Lorena's heart was beating fast as she and Sue walked up the driveway. Sue had told her she need not come, but Lorena was not one to let a friend face a disagreeable experience alone. Sue wrinkled her nose at the sign: "No peddlers or agents allowed." "Wonder which head we fall under," she said. The Basque servant who opened the door stared at them but ushered them into the living room without ceremony. Silas Swinn was reading a newspaper.

He was a grizzled, stubby man with a



beaklike nose, a bristling moustache and shifting eyes. His scanty hair was plastered down over his forehead, and when he smiled, as he now did, he exposed irregular discolored teeth.

"Look here, girls," he cut in abruptly before Sue had got fairly started. "For all that I know these folks are impostors. I was reading just a while back of a beggar having a fortune hid away."

"I'll guarantee that these people haven't even a postage stamp in reserve," said Sue. "As for being impostors, father wrote to the county authorities and learned that everything is just as the Carrutherses told us."

Silas shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "I don't hold with saddling paupers on this community," he said. "In the first place, there's no need for people being in such circumstances. All their own fault. Sing like grasshoppers in the summer and expect the busy bee to provide honey through the winter."

Sue reddened and bit her lip, but Lorena smiled at the crusty man disarmingly.

"They have been unfortunate, Mr. Swinn," she said. "The man is crippled and almost an invalid. And Mrs. Carruthers is too old to work."

Silas Swinn looked at Lorena attentively. Her soft voice and amiable expression were more agreeable than Sue's straight gaze, which seemed to penetrate right into his mind. His tone was less testy as he replied, "Old age and illness come to all. I can't remove those evils but will have to endure them myself in due course."

Lorena fixed big appealing blue eyes on the man's hard face. "Mr. Swinn," she said, "there are no real grandmothers living in Sunnyview, and I've been thinking how nice it would be for us to adopt this poor old woman as our community grandmother, and treat her as we would want our own grandmothers treated if they should be in such hard circumstances. In memory of your own grandmother, Mr. Swinn, don't you think it would be nice to help make this poor woman happy?"

Silas Swinn sniffed scornfully. "And in what capacity should we adopt the son—a nephew, perhaps, or an uncle? No, no, young ladies. You mean well enough, but you should borrow some common-sense spectacles."

Lorena's eyes filled, and Sue's face burned; Sue tried to think of some argument which might influence this gruff creature.

"Now look here, young women," continued Silas. "You're wasting your time coming here. I am fifty-eight years old, and I've never yet been bluffed or bedazzled into contributing to beggars except as they get at me through taxes. I pay my share of those, and it is more than the rest of Sunnyview's all together. As you know, those in office take out the proper ratio to look after the poor—and that's that."

"Fifty-eight years!" exclaimed Sue as he stopped. "Did you know that your expectation of life is only fifteen years, Mr. Swinn?" For Sue's mind had retained some figures from the life-insurance data she had so often typewritten for her father. Silas looked at her startled. "What's that?" he growled.

"Of course," said Sue, smiling, "you

might not live nearly so long, although it is possible you may live longer. But the scientific facts prove that a man of your age may reasonably look forward to only fifteen years of life."

Silas stared in astonishment. Fifteen years! And a year passed so swiftly—the months seemed to fly by. The thought shook him.

"Wouldn't you like to give away some of your money while you are here to see how much good it does?" went on Sue hopefully.

"Very clever," Silas said with sarcasm. "But you don't catch me that way, my dear young woman. No thanks!" He drummed on his desk with pudgy fingers. "Fifteen years," he muttered under his breath, "fifteen years." He blinked and drew a long breath. "Did you say fifteen years?" he asked Sue abruptly.

Sue nodded gravely. The girls exchanged glances. Perhaps he was going to change his mind! Perhaps he was going to write a check! But Silas Swinn's lips twisted in a wry smile.

"If these people are not impostors," he said, "you can't deny that they're undesirable neighbors, and instead of pampering them we should get rid of them. None of you homesteaders are able to take on any extra burdens. This is no farmer's country anyway; homesteaders will all be starved out in another five years." He had now broached his pet grievance and his expression was vindictive. He got to his feet, and his words came in jerky phrases. "Talk of the blind leading the blind—ha! You are like beggars begging for beggars, for hearken to me." He shook his finger at them menacingly. "If you folks aren't starving now, you will be soon. It would actually be a blessing to the homesteaders if the sheepmen would get together and run them off. Save them a lot of slow misery and ruin in the end." He led the way to the door and threw it open.

The girls stepped out on the veranda. Lorena was pink with humiliation at the man's insolent manner, and Sue was seething at his attack on the homesteaders. "I suppose that was your idea in ruining the Sullivans," she exclaimed. "You thought it would be a blessing to them." She looked at Silas fearlessly and he returned the look with interest.

"Ho! Must be friends of yours," he sneered. "Well, I reckon that old Silas Swinn will be right here when the Sullivans and all the rest of you have left the country." He stepped back inside the door and slammed it violently.

"The cantankerous old curmudgeon!" cried Sue, clenching her fists. "The back of my hand and the sole of my foot to him forever!"

Tears stood in Lorena's eyes. "He was terrible, Sue. And how he does hate the homesteaders. Isn't it a wonder that he lets them get water here?"

"He knows that they could get it at the railway tank," said Sue slowly. "It would be farther to haul it though. But I suppose that he is not above taking their dimes and nickels."

"Father warned me that he had a rough way with him," sighed Lorena.

"I'll say he has! I was all puffed up thinking I would surprise Sunnyview by getting

a good subscription from him, but alas! the 'prize beggar of Seattle' fell down on this job."

"You don't need to be so proud of your old title," said Lorena demurely. "I now belong to your order. Swinn said, you know,

that we were 'beggars begging for beggars.'"

Sue laughed, her good-nature suddenly restored. "Welcome, sister beggar, to my sorority," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# BANKED FIRES



By  
Maud Mary  
Brown

PRISCILLA SAWTELLE paled a little, as she always did when facing an audience, and the amused and tolerant glances of her classmates—the seniors at Miss Vance's school—added nothing to her self-command.

"It's the c-razziest thing I ever heard of," she declared defiantly. "Banked Fires is 'way over our heads.'"

There were a few polite groans, a few not-so-polite hisses, but Priscilla stood her ground, her widely-spaced gray eyes glaring at the offenders.

"We'd be hooted off the stage if we attempted it."

"Priscilla means," began Drusilla Sawtelle, Priscilla's senior by a few moments, "Priscilla means—"

But suddenly and most unexpectedly Priscilla turned on her helpful twin. "I'll tell 'em what I mean without outside assistance," she snapped. "What I mean is, let's not make ourselves ridiculous." And Priscilla sank into her seat.

"What did you expect of Postscript?" a girl murmured.

Priscilla knew that the girls, because of her initials, called her Postscript, and she had not much minded, but today she faced the girl wrathfully.

"A postscript," she said, "is usually the most sensible part of the letter."

The meeting broke up in disorder, and presently the twins, being day pupils, were walking home.

"What made you blow up like that?" Drusilla asked reproachfully.

"I was asked for my opinion, wasn't I?"

"Well, we're going to play Banked Fires, and they've chosen me for Vanna."

Priscilla was silent. She adored her twin with the devotion that a plain girl often gives a beautiful sister; no envy ever marred her loyalty; no sacrifice had been too great for her to accomplish; self-obliteration had been no hardship.

It happened, however, that she loved Banked Fires, and she knew that Drusilla as Vanna would be hopelessly inadequate.

"Don't you think I can do it, Pris?" Drusilla asked after a silence.

"Since you ask me, no."

"The others don't agree with you."

"They seldom do," Priscilla acknowledged.

"And what did you mean by saying what you did about a postscript? Was it supposed to be an insult?"

"No."

"I believe," Drusilla declared, outraged, "that you are jealous."

They had reached home, and Priscilla, entering the house, marched up the stairs, her head in the air. Going into the room that she and Drusilla shared, she banged the door and left her surprised twin on the landing.

"I never saw Pris act like that before," Drusilla said to her mother.

When the English teacher learned what play the seniors meant to give she begged Miss Vance to veto it.

But Miss Vance, a wise, big, slow-moving woman, looked doubtful. "The class play," she said, "is very nearly the last gesture of the seniors, and I like it to be a spontaneous one. Still, Banked Fires is a large order."

"We studied it as the best American play of the decade," Miss Butler said, "and only one girl in the class even faintly comprehended Vanna—saw that she was trying to grow a soul in an atmosphere that considered fluff a good substitute. That was Priscilla Sawtelle."

"Well, cast her for the part."

"She is too repressed and inarticulate to do it. All the life and color went to Drusilla. Besides, the girls wouldn't think of choosing her."

Miss Vance smiled at her young teacher. "It will probably be painful," she said, "but I think we will let them go on with it."

And so rehearsals began.

Priscilla, who had apparently forgotten her outburst, had no place in the cast, but because of her reliability she was chosen as prompter.

Drusilla, thrilled at playing Vanna, went about the house reciting snatches of her lines, practicing little tricks of mouth and eyes before mirrors, till Priscilla nearly went mad.

"Tell her," she begged her mother, "that Vanna wasn't a moron. Her frivolity was a smoke screen. Dru is making her merely the family's little sunbeam, and she was so much more than that."

Mrs. Sawtelle smiled tolerantly. "My dear," she said, "let Drusilla give her own interpretation of the part."

Miss Butler labored with Drusilla, but she might as well have spared her breath.

"To make a character pretty and light is the amateur's best policy, don't you think?" Drusilla asked brightly. "Don't you think blue chiffon over silver will be lovely for the last scene, Miss Butler?"

Miss Butler fled.

Examinations were over, invitations to the commencement festivities had been dispatched, and the seniors were giving their chief thought to the play.

It had been going surprisingly well—even Miss Butler was forced to acknowledge that. But Priscilla, in the wings, gloomed through every rehearsal.

The last rehearsal but one came, and the cast was on the stage of the local theatre, waiting for Drusilla. Miss Butler, glancing at her wrist, frowned.

"It isn't like the girls to be late," she said; "I hope nothing has happened."

At that moment, her eyes black with excitement, Priscilla burst on the stage. "Dru can't come," she announced. "She can hardly speak above a whisper, and Doctor Shaw says she must rest her voice tonight if she means to use it tomorrow night."

"Miss Brewster," called Miss Butler, peering into the darkness at the back of the theatre, "I am afraid you will have to help us out, though I wanted you back there with me."

"Isn't there an understudy?" asked Miss Butler's visiting friend.

"I know the lines," Priscilla volunteered and could have bitten out her tongue as she intercepted the half-amused, wholly-dismayed glances of the cast.

"Splendid," said Miss Butler. "It is too bad Drusilla isn't here," she added, "for I want this rehearsal to go as well as possible, since the dress rehearsal in the morning is sure to be terrible. Do the best you can and try to make your voices carry to the back of the theatre."

She joined her friend; Priscilla, hurt and humiliated, went to the wings to await her cue.

"They rate me a total loss," she thought, blinking back her tears.

She went through the first scene without a trace of the stilted and measured vivacity of her twin, and she swung the others with her till they lost self-consciousness in a new, stimulating conception of the play.

"That," whispered Miss Brewster when the scene was ended, "is a remarkable performance for a young girl. If she is the understudy, what must the star be!"

"A very pretty girl," Miss Butler returned grimly. "This one's twin," she amplified.

DRAWN BY R. W. AMICK



"Did you say fifteen years?" he asked Sue abruptly



"They rate  
me a  
total loss,"  
she thought

DRAWN BY  
JOHN GORE

"And her conception of Vanna is about what one might expect from a frolicsome kitten."

"Then why—"  
"You know as well as I do that some people have a faculty of getting seats in the sun. Pretty girls especially; and Drusilla Sawtelle is pretty. Her sister is always a step behind. Well, she has caught her stride tonight. It is a positive joy to see her discard her restraint."

Neither Miss Butler nor her friend had noticed that early in the scene a girl had slipped into a seat behind them.

Drusilla was not at all ill and had run down to the theatre to see what poor Pris would make of her part.

There had been a smile on her lips when Priscilla entered the scene, but presently the smile had become fixed, frozen. What did Priscilla think she was doing? This was nothing less than a betrayal.

She overheard the conversation between Miss Butler and her friend and scarcely could believe her ears. She would go home. But her will to stay was stronger than her will to leave.

Slipping out of her seat, she hid farther back in the shadows of the theatre and saw the play through—saw the cast crowd round Priscilla at the end. Then she hurried home.

When Priscilla reached the house the maid told her that her mother was out and that her sister was in their room. She crept upstairs, hoping that Drusilla was asleep. She wanted, for a little while, to relieve her belated and circumscribed triumph.

Entering the room softly and without turning on the lights, she began to get ready for bed, but presently her hands hung suspended, motionless. What was that sound? It came again, muted, strangled.

Groping for the switch, she flashed on the lights to see Drusilla flung across her bed, her shoulders heaving.

Priscilla flew to her. "Dru! Are you sick?" Drusilla shook off her solicitous hands. "Don't touch me," she sobbed huskily.

"Don't strain your voice, honey; tell Pris what has happened."

Priscilla sat on the bed and tried to gather her sister into her arms, but she was pushed away.

"Get out!" Drusilla whispered fiercely. Priscilla was bewildered but determined. "You've got to explain this, Dru," she said.

Drusilla sat up and glared accusingly at her. "I was at the rehearsal," she announced. "Well, what of it?"

"I found you out. You're a traitor and a Jerry Sneak. I knew that you were jealous of me, but I didn't think you would do that."

"Do what?" Priscilla demanded, her eyes blazing.

"You've practiced my lines, hoping for just this chance to displace me and make me appear ridiculous. You're a wicked—"

"Stop!"

Perhaps Drusilla's tirade had seemed more terrible because it was whispered and her eyes had been depended upon to give the emphasis that her voice refused to convey.

"You're crazy!" Priscilla's own voice was low and husky.

"You tried to make me look silly—like a frolicsome kitten," she finished wildly, remembering Miss Butler's words. "You're selfish—"

But Priscilla stopped her again, and, coming a little closer, she stared into Drusilla's tear-marked face.

"You have the effrontery to sit there and call me selfish!" she whispered. "Why, that poor little success tonight was the first one I ever had in all my life."

Drusilla stared at her.

"I'm always doing things for you that you don't like to do for yourself. I have loved to. Going on tonight was just another lift. And because I love Banked Fires I put all I had into it. And you crept over there and spied on me. And now you abuse me. Just because you grudge me my one triumph."

Still Drusilla stared, speechless.

"Perhaps you think I enjoy being a postscript—an appendage to the pretty Sawtelle twin. Perhaps you think all the radiance is yours by divine right and that I ought to be thankful for what I can get by reflection. Oh!"

Priscilla gathered up her belongings and started for the guest room.

It was the twins' first quarrel, the first night they had ever been separated. Neither slept. The bitter words of each drearily repeated themselves in the mind of the other through the long hours. Each recalled the hostile eyes of the other and was cold at the memory.

In the morning Drusilla's voice was nearly normal, and Mrs. Sawtelle, all unconscious of the quarrel, was cheerful.

"You will be all right by night," she said. And to Priscilla, "How did the rehearsal go, honey?"

"Indifferently."

"It would, of course." She did not see Priscilla wince. "I am sure Miss Butler must have been pleased that you knew the lines."

"I shall go on for dress rehearsal," Drusilla announced.

"Not unless Doctor Shaw permits it; I will go call him now."

In a moment Mrs. Sawtelle was back. "It is out of the question," she reported; "he says that a strain now might keep you out tonight."

Drusilla frowned, her eyes downcast.

"Priscilla can help you out again. You must go down and get fitted to silver slippers."

The sisters went different ways after breakfast—Drusilla in quest of frivolous slippers, Priscilla out to the greenhouse, personally to select the flowers to celebrate

her sister's triumph, bleakly hoping that the offering might bridge the chasm that had opened between them.

They met in the wings of the theatre just before rehearsal. The girls gathered around Priscilla, all talking at once.

"She was simply splendid," they said to Drusilla. "She carried us along with her."

"Here is Miss Butler," said one. "O Miss Butler! Pris is going on again this morning!"

Drusilla listened, her face hardening. She waited with Priscilla till her cue came. They managed for the most part to keep their eyes averted, but once they met—Drusilla's challenging, Priscilla's sick and miserable.

When her cue came, Priscilla blundered on to the stage and muttered her lines. Throughout the scene she was inept, clumsy, forgetful; the bewildered cast moved through their parts like lay figures.

Miss Brewster groaned. "Where is the flame girl?" she asked Miss Butler. "Don't tell me I dreamed her."

"No, you didn't dream her."

"But this morning she is impossible."

For a moment Miss Butler was silent, her eyes riveted on Priscilla's gallant face. She recalled Drusilla's look—and solved the world's favorite mathematical problem; she added two and two.

"This is the better performance of the two, if you only knew it," she said at last; "a far greater proof of her talent—"

"Somebody," sighed Miss Brewster, "is crazy around here."

"And of her mettle," Miss Butler went on softly.

The rehearsal over, there was a heavy silence, and the cast quickly dispersed. The twins did not walk home together, and when they met at luncheon they avoided each other's eyes.

Priscilla could not eat. Her part in the little drama was finished, and the final curtain was rung down. The knowledge that she had played it pluckily could not, just then, soothe her.

"Was the rehearsal a success?" Mrs. Sawtelle asked.

Priscilla was silent, her eyes on her plate. Drusilla tittered. "Pris was wonderful," she murmured.

Priscilla excused herself and went for a long and solitary walk. It was four o'clock when she returned to find her mother waiting for her.

"My dear, where have you been? I have been trying everywhere to find you. Dru's voice has gone again—completely this time. You'll have to take her place tonight."

Priscilla dashed toward the stairs. "Let me go to Dru!" she cried.

Mrs. Sawtelle restrained her. "She particularly doesn't wish to see you. Don't

blame her, honey; her disappointment is bitter. Come up to my room and try on the dresses she was to have worn."

Priscilla hung back. "I don't want to do it, mother."

"Of course you don't, but it must be done. Everybody will understand that you are doing your best."

"Has Doctor Shaw seen her?"

"Of course. He says it seems to be a case of nerves. Don't argue, Priscilla; you have to help Dru out."

"I am going right over to see Miss Butler."

"But your hair ought to be curled and the dresses tried on," Mrs. Sawtelle wailed.

But Priscilla was racing down the walk, and a few moments later she was in Miss Butler's room.

"Dru's voice has gone again," she began breathlessly.

"Then," Miss Brewster said, "it's a fortunate thing she has so capable an understudy."

"I don't want to do it," Priscilla faltered.

"You must," Miss Butler said firmly.

"Do her dresses fit you?"

Priscilla nodded. "But in the last scene she was to wear chiffon over silver! At the minute when Vanna changed from a fluttery girl to a woman! I can't see it."

The three stood silent for a minute. Then Miss Brewster said: "In my trunk is a white velvet dress, absolutely simple, with long sleeves and a little square neck. Its only adornment is a silver girdle. Would that do, my dear?"

"Oh!" breathed Priscilla, fingers pressed against her lips.

"We are nearly the same size, so I don't think it will need much altering. Run home now and rest and come back at seven and we'll try it on."

Mrs. Sawtelle's nerves were on edge before Priscilla was ready that night. Priscilla would eat no dinner; she refused to have her hair curled; she rejected the chiffon frock.

Before leaving for Miss Butler's room, she went up and tapped on the door behind which Drusilla was concealed. "Dru!" she called softly.

No answer.

"Dru, darling! I'm so sorry—for everything. Please speak to me before I go."

Still no answer, and, with eyes closed, Priscilla laid a hot cheek against the panel of the door. Then she went slowly down the stairs and out of the house.

Miss Butler watched her sharply while the dress was being tried on. When the fitting was over, she drew her aside.

"Are you," she asked so suddenly as to make Priscilla blink, "planning to wreck the play in the mistaken belief that by so doing you can keep Drusilla's lustre untarnished?"

Priscilla flushed from neck to brow.

"You are, I see. Have you considered Miss Vance? The school? Your class? Does letting them down mean nothing to you?"

Priscilla was silent, her eyes widening, darkening.

"Drusilla comes first," she whispered.

"Not when the issue is so trivial. You have no right, Priscilla, to make a family affair of the senior play. We expect your loyalty; are you going to disappoint us?"

"No," Priscilla said firmly.

In a spirit of resignation parents and friends went to see Banked Fires. Before the curtain rose it was whispered that the plain Sawtelle twin was to take her sister's part.

"Then the play is doomed," commented one woman. "I wish I could leave. Curious that twins should be so alike in feature but so absolutely different in personality."

Programmes fluttered; silks rustled; fans creaked—until, that is, Priscilla took the stage.

After that, the astonished audience was hers, and, thrilled by the consciousness of it, she did her best.

The plain Sawtelle twin? Then stars are plain—for her eyes were stars. Unresponsive? Then a spark quickening to fire is unresponsive. In the last scene, in the white velvet frock, she was positively beautiful for the first time in her life.

A little sigh rippled over the house as the curtain dropped.

Priscilla, on the stage, was surrounded. Now that the glamour of her part was gone, she remembered the sting in her triumph. At home, alone, Drusilla brooded.

Suddenly the crowd parted, swept aside by impetuous hands, and Drusilla, in her blue-and-silver dress, gathered her sister into her arms.



"You were wonderful," she whispered with youth's exaggeration. Then she included the others in the sweep of her eyes. "We'll never let her bank her fires again, will we?" she said.

The mist crept into Priscilla's eyes, and

she clutched her sister till she winced. For Priscilla had observed what the others had apparently disregarded—that Drusilla's voice was normal.

"Dru! You gave me my chance!"

"Sh-h!" warned Drusilla. "You mustn't

get the idea that you're the only thoroughbred in the family. Did you think you fooled me at rehearsal this morning? I've a long distance to go, Pris, but I'm on my way." They walked home a little later, hand in hand.

and the little limbs fly in every direction. When the big Mexican saw that I had pulled up he laughed and whipped out his knife. I could see that he was in the same crazy, brutish rage as when I had found him mauling his helpless horse.

I have never been so scared in my life as I was at that moment—nor so fearless as I was the next. The change came like a lightning flash. Then all that rabbit feeling dropped behind me. It seemed as though I could see, hear and think twice as well as at any time before. I fully expected that the bandit would cut me to ribbons, but even that thought didn't have the power to break my spell of fearlessness.

I instantly realized that I had a good, sturdy block of a horse under me, and that he was still going strong. So I jumped my horse straight back down the trail toward Pedro Castro. You see I had no intention of giving him the advantage that a man has when he rides down on a man who is standing still.

The moment I made that move the bandit knew what I was going to do—that is, he thought he knew. He thought I was still running away. He could see that I was cornered in the swamp pocket and doubtless figured that I was going to try to dodge past him on the narrow feed trail on which I had entered. That was the only way out, as the brush on both sides was too thick to ride through. So he now instantly pulled his horse in, bringing him up standing out of a full run in a few terrific jolting hops.

The Mexican was now less than a hundred feet ahead of me. His horse was cavorting, and Castro, pretending that his mount could not be controlled, let him sidle well off the trail. I saw that he was purposely leaving the trail open so that I could go by. I knew how easily he could whirl his horse round the moment I had passed and, in a few bounds, be close beside me. And then the knife.

I kept my buckskin on a dead run until we came nearly abreast of the Mexican. Then, all of a sudden, I jerked his head clear over to the right toward the cavorting black horse. The next second *bang* we went into the big Mexican, and down we went all in a heap.

I flopped clear over and out of the tangle, landing on open ground. Looking round, I saw Castro's horse lying flat on his side. My mount was sprawling all over the black's hindquarters. The Mexican was out from under the pile except for one leg.

My horse picked himself up almost before I could scramble to my feet. I saw instantly that Castro was empty-handed; trying to save himself in the fall, he had lost his hold on the knife. I saw it and my revolver both lying on the ground. I went after them like a chicken picking up corn.

When I whirled on the bandit he was rising painfully to a sitting position. He sat there for a moment glaring at me like a trapped wolf. Then, without my saying a word, he said, "I give up. I am killed."

Without taking any chances on Castro's suddenly grabbing me, I tied his hands behind him. He was unhurt except that one knee was so badly jammed that he could hardly move it.

The bandit offered me his horse, saddle, bridle and spurs and two hundred dollars in gold if I would take him to the Indian rancheria and turn him loose. But I tied him securely to a mesquite tree and rode to the nearest camp of *rurales*. Two of them started off on my back trail to get the bandit—and I headed for Yuma. I didn't stop to eat or sleep until I reached the Yuma hardware store and had loaded up with ammunition.

# WITHOUT AMMUNITION

## By Herbert Coolidge



**WHEN** watching the bathers on the beach at Santa Barbara I got to talking with a bronzed rancher from the Imperial Valley. I was surprised and much pleased to learn that I had met him before when I was in the Cocopah country in 1897. I knew him at that time as a cheerful, determined young cowboy who had come into Mexico from California to build up his health after a bad attack of influenza. He was camping alone and made a living trapping in the thickets and swamps of the Colorado River delta. He told me the following story about an adventure with a Mexican bandit:

I ran out of ammunition once when I was camped down below Punta Pinta on the Hardy Slough. I had sent in for some cartridges by an Indian about a month before and hadn't seen him nor hair of him since. I finally decided that I would go out and gather my traps and then head for the Yuma hardware store. Mind you, I didn't have one cartridge left.

I headed for my trap line bright and early the next morning. I was riding along across a big mesquite flat out in the Cocopah Bottoms when I heard a lot of cursing and splashing on ahead where the trail crossed an arm of the swamp. I rode up and found a big, tough-looking Mexican cruelly abusing his horse. The poor brute was stuck in the mud, and the Mexican was crazy mad because it could not struggle out. The horse was a splendid black, as pretty an animal as I have ever seen.

I said that this fellow was tough-looking. But that doesn't describe him. His glinty slits of eyes made me think of a rattlesnake, and his jaw, and the muscle bulging up all over him, made me think of a Gila monster. I suspected, from the amount of silver on his saddle and hat, that he was a bandit. So I didn't want to have a thing to do with him, particularly as I was carrying an empty gun. However, the Cocopah country always had more than its share of those bad *hombres*, and so far I had never had trouble with any of them, although I treated them all like honest men. So, not having the heart to go off and leave that splendid black horse to be drowned in the mud, or to be mauled to death by that ruffian, I decided to take a chance.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let that horse rest awhile, and I'll get him out for you."

I got off my horse and cut several big armloads of tules. The Mexican helped me, using a long, double-edged knife that cut like a razor. Then I tramped the tules in round and underneath the animal, so that he would have some footing. By the time we had got

this done the horse was rested enough to struggle to good advantage, and presently out he came.

While working with the horse I had noticed that the Mexican didn't have a single cartridge in his belt, and that he was casting envious glances at my belt, which was well stocked with ammunition—that is, it looked that way, being filled with empty cartridges. I had picked up a lot of empty shells and placed them in my belt so as not to advertise the fact that I was roaming round that country with an empty gun. I figured now that the Mexican would want to buy or borrow a few cartridges, and that this would put me in an embarrassing position. So I decided to make a quick walk for my mount and say good-bye from the saddle just the moment his horse was out of the mud.

But the big Mexican was too quick for me. Before I fully realized what was happening he had whipped out his knife and had stepped up close to me.

"I want your ammunition," he said in Spanish.

"Certainly," said I politely. I was scared stiff, and I guess I showed it. I made a feint to unbuckle my belt.

"Do you want the gun too?" I asked.

"Yes, I want your gun too," he said.

"Don't move your hand toward it," he said.

He added, "I am Pedro Castro, from Sonora."

And he showed his teeth like a dog. That was intended to throw a scare into me. And it did. Pedro Castro had a record that would scare any one. Then, holding his knife at my chest, he reached out with his other hand and took my revolver.

Instantly I whirled and ran like a white-head. I figured that he would try to shoot me, and that when he found the revolver was not loaded he would go after me with the knife.

That is exactly what happened. I don't know how long we ducked and dodged round in the mesquite thicket. I was lighter on my feet than the big Mexican, and that was all that saved me. I was as scared as a cotton-tail being run down by a coyote. I knew that I was puffing worse than he was, and that it would be only a matter of time until he would stick that knife into me.

So, all of a sudden, when I had a mesquite tree between him and me, I turned and scooted for my mount. I heard those big feet pounding the ground behind me, and I surely did do my best.

My horse was standing with the reins wrapped round the horn. He saw me coming and was rearing to go as I vaulted into the saddle.

The big Mexican, who was close behind, made a flying leap and grabbed at me. I was already loosening my reins from the saddle horn, and now, as my mount bounded forward, I kicked at Señor Castro, landing

hard on his outstretched arm. Was there a mad Gila monster on the Cocopah Bottoms? Just judging from the way his face looked, I should say there was.

I took a quick look over my shoulder just before my mustang entered the thicket and saw the bandit making a dive for his mount. And the horse, evidently deathly afraid of him, let out a snort and shied away. I remembered then with great satisfaction that the Mexican had been in such a hurry to collect my ammunition before I could say good-bye to him that he had neglected to make his horse fast. There was a twenty-foot horsehair rope trailing from the animal, but even at that I judged it would be a hard job to catch him.

But I didn't slow down any—don't think it. I knew that the bandit might be lucky enough to get his horse cornered up in some place where a pocket of land ran into the swamp. I knew only too well that the Mexican's black could run circles round my blocky buckskin.

My mount was a class-A brush horse, and it kept me busy staying on him as he dodged in and out through the drooping branches of mesquite trees. I was just beginning to think I had made my escape when I heard the brush breaking behind me. It gave me a kind of sick feeling because I knew that big brute of a Mexican was coming on his fast black horse.

To tell the truth, I was scared half out of my boots at the thought of a fight with Castro. I should have been afraid of him even without his knife. There was something about that man that would scare anyone. Then again, I was running away, and that makes anyone feel like a rabbit. From the way the brush was breaking behind I knew that the bandit was riding up on me as though I were standing still.

I was trying to screw up courage enough to stop and fight it out with Castro in the first opening that I came to when I suddenly found myself riding into a trap that I couldn't possibly get out of. There are lots of those swamp pockets in the Cocopah Bottoms where a strip of land runs out into the tules. There is generally a feed trail running down the middle of them where hoofed animals have gone back and forth to graze on the green stuff along the edges. So now, when I saw the cat-tails banking up on both sides of me and caught the smell of the swamp mud, I knew what I was running into. Those swamps would bog a saddle blanket; so, as there was nothing else for it, I set my mount up in three hops and whirled him round.

I saw Pedro Castro coming on down the winding feed trail like a whirlwind. He was swinging down, now on this side, now on that, dodging the overhanging boughs. His powerful black horse was making the silt

The next second  
bang we went into  
the big Mexican



DRAWN BY  
RODNEY THOMPSON



# FACT AND COMMENT



**YOU WILL NEVER FIND** a man with a sound stomach among the pessimists.

They that cheerfully fulfill  
Losing Bargains gain Good Will.

**PROCRASTINATION** is not the greatest thief of time. A greater waste of time is doing things we have no business to do.

**THERE IS ONE GOOD TURN** that every commuter who has a garden can do every day; that is, take a few flowers into the city for the sick in the hospitals and the crowded tenements and for others who have no flowers of their own. It is little trouble and no expense. In almost every city there is a flower mission that receives the offerings at the railway stations and takes full charge of distributing them. Flowers that would soon fade in the garden may carry a ray of sunshine into some heart that desperately needs it.

**TWENTY AMERICAN BOYS** are to have an experience this summer that all American boys may well envy them. Chosen from thirteen different states, they will visit eight foreign countries, under Y. M. C. A. guidance, in the interest of world brotherhood. They will learn something of geography and history and architecture and social customs, but if they have the right spirit and keep an open mind they will learn the greater lesson that much the same hopes and aspirations stir the souls of all races and all nations; and there can be no surer foundation for the future peace of the world than that boys the world over learn that.

**SCIENCE HAS DISCOVERED** a canine phenomenon. The Department of Agriculture has found a dog on which no kind of flea will stay. All of them hop off as soon as they are put there, and the investigators are now trying to discover what is the secret of the dog's immunity. It will also be interesting to see what the moral and mental effect on the dog will be. Lacking the disciplinary tribulations that Mark Twain originally referred to, will he bear himself with an aloof and haughty air in the presence of his fellows and become overconfident and self-willed, or will he become a canophile and impart his great secret to other dogs?

**LEGAL BATTLES** over titles to land are notoriously long drawn out, but even the most stubborn of them seldom last a thousand years. The tribunal of the little republic of Andorra, however, is trying a case that goes back to the year 790. When Charlemagne returned from an expedition to Spain he left a thousand of his soldiers on the south slope of the Pyrenees, as a rear guard to prevent the Moors from entering France. To each of them he gave an allotment of land—one hundred and fifty square miles in all. That land is the greater part of the present territory of the little free republic of Andorra. The litigation concerns one of those original grants and has been in the courts for a thousand years.

## A GREAT ANNIVERSARY

**WE** are passing this year through a succession of notable historical anniversaries; for it is just one hundred and fifty years since the thirteen colonies took up arms in the struggle that led to their independence and to the founding of the country of our love and devotion. It is invidious, perhaps, to select one event of the time as the most important, and yet it seems to us that the celebration at Cambridge of General Washington's assumption of the command of the Continental Army marked the most significant anniversary of the year.

The installation of George Washington as commander of the colonial troops besieging Boston was not so picturesque or spectacular an event as the engagements at Lexington and Concord or as the courageous defense of the earthworks at Bunker Hill against the assault of the veteran redcoats. No blood was spilt, no such thrill ran through the countryside as at the tale of the first actual fighting between the colonials and the troops of the mother country. A simple Virginian gentleman, of whom there

were good reports for courage and resolution, but who was still little known outside his own colony, stood beneath a great elm tree on Cambridge common, drew his sword as commander of the little army before him and issued his first general orders for its conduct and discipline. That was all.

But there was this to give the occasion meaning: George Washington bore the commission of the Continental Congress. He was authorized to command soldiers from every one of the thirteen colonies. Hitherto those colonies had insisted on their independence of one another. The Continental Congress itself created no civil executive with authority over the whole country. The members of the Congress were rather plenipotentiaries than legislators. They could not bind the citizens of their respective colonies to any action that did not please them. Throughout the war everything was at loose ends so far as Congress was concerned.

The army too was still to be made. At Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill men had fought simply as Massachusetts men, opposing local tyrannies, but doubtful how far they could count on the support of the other colonies; doubtful, also, how far they could support their neighbors if they too rose in arms.

But at Cambridge the first step toward national unity was taken. A man stood forth, for the first time, clothed with authority over men from every colony from New Hampshire to Georgia. There had been much exchange of grievance and encouragement, some promises of support and cooperation. Now at last there was to be some attempt at united action, and George Washington was chosen to direct that action.

It is only too probable that no other American could have so conducted the struggle that lay before him as to have made the United States possible. The odds were always against him; most able men would have found those odds too great. It was his constancy, his devotion, his patience, his wisdom, his inflexible resolution, that won our independence. July 3, the day on which he set his hand to the great task, is a day always to be remembered and celebrated by his countrymen.

## HOLIDAYS

**THE** complaint is frequently made that there are too many holidays, that they disorganize business, cause a considerable annual loss in production and make no adequate return to most of those persons who seek to enjoy them. Very likely all these assertions are true, but, however well founded they may be, it is improbable that

the number of holidays will ever be diminished on that account. Men and women who work on salaries or for wages will nearly all be found to oppose violently any effort to increase the number of their working days. This attitude on the part of the hired worker toward the work by which he earns his living may be deplorable, but it is almost universal.

The loss in production occasioned by the observance of holidays seems an evil that must be endured; the failure of workers to get more out of their holidays than they do is, however, a defect that time, experience and education may cure.

The automobile, which has brought color and variety into the lives of many people, has on the other hand put an end to some worthy holiday pursuits. It has transported families to ponds and lakes and sea beaches, enabled them to picnic in attractive places that without the automobile they would never have been likely to see. But it has made walking and bicycling along any but the most secluded country roads disagreeable if not actually hazardous, and for all the opportunity that it has given people to get out into the country it is a question whether on holidays it is not used principally as a means for rapid and rather aimless transportation through the country. The pleasure of passing swiftly through an attractive countryside or along city boulevards is not especially profitable; it exercises neither the muscles nor the mind. Americans are temperamentally restless; it is unfortunate that so many of them should devote their holidays to a recreation that is really nothing more than idling at high speed.

## NOT ALL BAD

**ON** one of the hottest days of the hot spell in early June a man who was loafing on an East River pier in New York City saw a dog that was evidently suffering, as he himself was, from the heat; so he picked the animal up and threw it into the water. But as he watched he saw that the dog was in trouble. It could swim, of course, but it couldn't get out. Then the man leaped into the water himself and in trying to save the dog was drowned. Cramps had seized him. Help was at hand, but the drowning man's last act was to shove the dog toward safety.

The man's name was John Walsh. When the story of his death became known it was recalled that last winter a "pal" of his had fallen from the same pier and that Walsh had leaped into the water and saved him.

Both deeds stamp the man as having been more than a hero, for besides the cour-

age that makes heroism possible he had the warm-heartedness that made him willing to risk his life for a friend and the compassion that sent him to the aid of a suffering animal. And those are among the most nearly divine of human qualities.

But notwithstanding what he did, almost the only official records of John Walsh's life bear witness against him. They are police-court records, and their cold testimony declares that he had been arrested and had served time in jail. On their evidence he was not what people call a "good" man. And yet it is from just such lives as that of John Walsh that the world has drawn and will always draw one of its loveliest lessons and its most sustaining hope: the lesson of charity for others and the hope that on the Great Ledger of our lives there may be entered some counterbalancing items without which the account would be hopeless. Life has not disclosed its full-blown beauty to any man until he can say to himself, humbly and sincerely, as the good old English divine and martyr said on seeing a criminal led by in chains, "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford."

It is a part of Lincoln's greatness and the chief reason for the tenderness in which men hold his memory that he saw so clearly that no one of us is all white and none wholly black. When the neighbors of a soldier under sentence of death asked the great President to pardon him Lincoln looked up with the pen poised in his hand and said, "I suppose, gentlemen, that aside from this matter he has been a good man?" The spokesman replied, "No, Mr. Lincoln, I'm sorry to say he hasn't been a very good man." "Well," said Lincoln, "then he isn't fit to die," and signed the pardon.

## WHO IS GREAT?

**IT** has been said that humanity falls into three classes: those who are primarily interested respectively in things, in ideas and in people. An episode has lately occurred that seems to go far toward verifying that classification, at least so far as the first two groups are concerned. An eminent bishop of the Episcopal Church has publicly named the four men whom he considers the greatest men of the first quarter of the present century. They are Wilson, Cardinal Mercier, Lenin and Ghandi. Thereupon a well-known university president consented to pick out the four men whom he considered to be the greatest. Not one of the bishop's quartette got a place on the college president's list. He chose Roosevelt, Edison, Ford and Orville Wright.

It will be seen at once that the bishop's selection is a more catholic one. It contains an American, a Russian, a Belgian and a Hindu, whereas the president has chosen four citizens of the United States. But a still more notable contrast exists. The college president is interested in things, in inventions, in the materials of present-day civilization. He chooses the man who gave us the electric light and the phonograph, the man who builds the low-priced automobile, the man who made the first practical flying machine. Even Roosevelt was a busy man—one who was occupied in stirring activities rather than in silent thought. Perhaps the Panama Canal is his greatest monument—a striking addition to the material equipment of the world's commerce.

The bishop's men are strictly thinkers, dreamers, men of ideas. None of them ever took much interest in the things of life. They are preachers of morality, or social theorists, or advocates of a new way of life.

The choice that each of these distinguished Americans has made no doubt furnishes a clue to his own mind. One, we may be sure, is a practical man, wide-awake, ingenious, sympathetic with this age of material progress and increasing comfort. The other is an idealist, quick to see the faults of the time, eager to welcome the thinker who would like to make society simpler and more spiritual.

The man who is interested in persons—in men for their essential natures and not for what they have done or made or thought—has not yet chosen his four great men. They would, perhaps, be men who were obscure in the ordinary sense of the word; for greatness of spirit, beauty of soul and charm of personality are quite as likely to be found



A winter picture of the Washington Elm in Cambridge as it appeared in 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War. The elm, having died, was shattered by the wind and removed in 1924.



among the inconspicuous ones of the world. Greatness of that kind cannot be so accurately measured or so widely appreciated as greatness won in the field of thought or of action; and even in those fields the standards and criteria are so different that we cannot absolutely compare the men who occupy them. It is safer not to try to pick the four greatest men of any period; but if you do try, specify whether you mean to choose men who live and work in the world of things or men who live and work in the world of ideas.

### The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

#### WATCHING THE SKIES

*AS a result of the great interest in popular astronomy that Companion readers have shown we are beginning next week to print a series of brief, simple but authoritative guides to what is to be seen in the heavens. Watch for them on this page.*

#### THIS BUSY WORLD

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, who died in Washington in June, was a man of force of character and sincerity of purpose. In his own state, where he was best known, he had won an extraordinary influence over the voters; for fully twenty-five years his ideas and policies have dominated Wisconsin. In the Senate, where he sat for twenty years, he was always a striking figure, and it is worth noticing that many of the Senators who most constantly differed with him politically were his warm personal friends. Through his efforts Wisconsin became a sort of political experiment station for the rest of the country. Many of the "progressive" laws that are now in force all over the country were first enacted there. The direct-primary law, the corrupt-practices act, the ad valorem taxation of railways, the income tax, the workmen's compensation act and the establishment of an industrial commission to administer all laws dealing with labor were enacted in Wisconsin while most other states were only beginning to discuss them. The State University also was among the first of such institutions, if not the very first, to put itself at the service, not only of those who came thither for instruction, but of the people of the entire state.

IN the cases that grew out of the government leases of oil land to the Doheny and Sinclair companies the government won the first victory in California. But in Wyoming it lost. Judge Kennedy decided that the Teapot Dome lands were properly and legally leased to the Sinclair company, and that there was no evidence of corruption. The case was on a somewhat different footing from the California suit, for it was not alleged that there was any payment of money by Mr. Sinclair to Secretary Fall during the negotiations for the lease. But Judge Kennedy in Wyoming and Judge McCormick in California differed sharply as to the authority of President Harding to transfer to Secretary Fall the control over the oil lands set apart for naval purposes. The two cases will of course go to the Supreme Court for final determination. It is greatly to be hoped that some way will be found in the meantime to obtain the testimony of several material witnesses to the financial transactions between Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Fall who were out of the country when the trial occurred at Cheyenne.

FRANCE, as usual, is worrying about its low birth rate and its stationary population. That has been a constant source of

anxiety to Frenchmen for fifty years. But if the figures published in the Journal Officiel are correct, it is the high death rate that France needs to correct. That newspaper declares that the French birth rate is now 19.4 per one thousand, whereas that of England is 19.7 and that of Germany 20.9. But the French death rate—17 per thousand—is high compared with that of most European countries. In Great Britain the corresponding rate is less than 13. Far too many French babies die during the first year, owing to a lack of attention to cleanliness and hygienic precautions.

A GREAT part of the high cost of food to the consumer is owing to the expense of the final distribution and delivery of provisions. The Port of New York Authority has been looking into the matter, and it finds that housewives pay retail prices that are just about double the wholesale prices. "It costs more to carry a sack of potatoes ten miles in New York than to haul it eleven hundred miles from northern Michigan." The Port Authority believes that the city must improve its arrangements for distributing provisions, and that the future of retailing is with the "cash and carry" store that can sell fifteen or twenty per cent below shops that maintain an expensive delivery service.

A STRIKING illustration of the wide divergence between Oriental and Occidental habits of thought and standards of conduct is furnished by the story that comes to us from Paris. The Maharajah of Gwalior, who was one of the richest men in the world, and one of the most magnificent of native Indian potentates, was traveling in Europe. He came to Paris to be treated for a painful carbuncle on his neck. The physician he consulted—who came from London by airplane and received \$10,000 for his advice—recommended lancing. The Maharajah would not consent. His religious principles forbade surgical mutilation of the body. No other treatment was beneficial, and the Maharajah finally died of septicæmia rather than have his carbuncle properly attended to. His entourage were insistent that his body should be publicly burnt upon a funeral pyre according to Hindu custom, but there the Occident had its way. Much to the mortification of his party, the Maharajah's body was cremated privately after the fashion that prevails in Western countries.

THE latest marvel in the field of radio communication is what the British newspapers call "bottled wireless." The invention is said to be of German origin, and it purports to record in a magnetized wire the sounds received from a radio microphone. The wire used is of hard steel, wound on a spool. By means of a motor the wire is passed through a powerful magnetic field, which varies in strength, according to the impulses that come from the microphone. The wire, it is said, becomes magnetized in hundreds of different degrees, according to the variations in the strength of the field. Once magnetized the wire can be reversed and run past a soft iron core, which is thereby magnetized itself. The core can be put in circuit with a radio transmitter and the sounds radiated from an aerial just as they were from the studio days or even years before. It sounds uncanny—but is it more so than the familiar phonograph?

THE "quack," who proposes to cure by magical or mysterious means, was not unknown in antiquity. In fact his lineage is more ancient than that of the scientific physician, for the quack traces back to the sorcerer or medicine man who used his primitive powers of hypnotism or suggestion on his ailing tribesmen. They have just translated a medical treatise, thirty-five centuries old, that was found in an Egyptian tomb, and on the back of the parchment are written full directions for "changing an old man into a young man of twenty." That was before the days of gland surgery, but people resented the approach of old age then as much as they do now—perhaps more. The body of the treatise, however, shows that there was an astonishing amount of real medical knowledge in Egypt. The old writer knew that paralysis of one side of the body was caused by a brain lesion on the opposite side; a fact that was afterward forgotten and only rediscovered a few hundred years ago.



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# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## When Little Bear Made a Goat Trap

By Frances Margaret Fox

NE morning Little Bear went to play in the stony field with Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat. It was a rough but delightful place full of tall bushes, wild flowers and all sorts of rocky ups and downs.

On the four sides of the stony field were stone walls. In the wall nearest the Three Bears' home was an open gateway. From the gateway there was nothing to be seen above the opposite wall but the sky; that was the reason Little Bear called it the sky wall. The woods came close to the stony field on the other two sides.

Little Bear liked the sky wall because it was built along the top of a steep and rocky hillside. He liked to lean over that wall and look down, down, down to see the shining river far below. He liked to toss stones over the wall and see them go rolling down, down the steep slopes and then fall splashing into the river.

The morning Wild Nanny Goat and Wild Billy Goat played with Little Bear in the stony field, they raced and romped until at last all three were tired. They sat down beside the sky wall to rest.

After a few minutes, up jumped Little Bear to lean over the sky wall and see what he could see far, far below. Wild Billy Goat loved jokes. When he saw Little Bear leaning far over the sky wall looking down, he, too, jumped up. Softly he stepped behind Little Bear and gave him a gentle push.

Now it happened that Little Bear was leaning so far over the wall that one gentle push sent him flying over the top of the sky wall, over and over, down, down the slope, until at last he fell with a loud splash into the river.

The fall didn't hurt him a bit because he didn't bump on the rocks. He could swim, and the tumble in the river did him good. But when Little Bear looked up the steep slope and saw Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat laughing as if they would never stop, he was so angry he danced up and down.

"I didn't mean to knock you over the wall!" Wild Billy Goat called loud as he could call and laugh at the same time.

"Baa-a, baa-a," answered Little Bear, and "baa-a, baa-a," was all he could say. It wasn't all he could think, though. "I'll get even with old Billy Goat, I'll show him!" he thought, and other thoughts like it.

Little Bear couldn't climb a slope that was so steep it was almost straight up and down. He was obliged to walk half a mile round by the river road to get home. When he reached home he didn't tell his Father Bear and his Mother Bear what had happened because he knew better than to tell them what he believed would happen next to Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat.

"Will you please give me a lunch so I can have a sort of a picnic over in the stony field?" he asked.

Mother Bear gave Little Bear blackberry-jam sandwiches and honey-cakes and away he went to the stony field.

"Queer picnic," Mother Bear said as she watched Little Bear go stamping away, "he didn't smile once."

Little Bear was glad Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat were gone when he reached the stony field because he had planned to build a goat trap. He would get even if he worked all day to do it.

In one corner of the stony field the walls were not straight; they leaned in over the field.

"I'll build another wall across the front of my cave," Little Bear told himself, "and I'll slant it in, and then next time Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat come over and climb up to see what has happened in this cave corner



"Well, old man, what are you doing down there?"

down they will go, and then they can't get out because the three-cornered room will be big at the bottom and the opening at the top will be little. Even Wild Billy Goat can't climb up walls that slant the wrong way."

Little Bear worked hard at rolling big stones over the bottom of his wall. All the morning he worked because it wasn't easy to build a wall that leaned instead of standing straight. He had to roll logs over to stand on after a while, and then more logs and more logs as the wall grew higher and higher. When the trap was finished, the front wall didn't lean over nearly so far as Little Bear wished that it did; but he had done his best and was cross, tired and unhappy.

"You just wait, you old Mr. Wild Billy Goat and sister Nanny," he grumbled. Then he ate his picnic dinner and not once did he smile; not once did he sing.

After dinner Little Bear climbed a tree that had one big branch growing high over the top of the trap; and there he stretched out and waited for Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat to come and climb down in his trap.

"They are so full of curiosity," he said to himself, "they will climb in, and I know it!"

Little Bear was tired and the day was warm. A long time passed while the soft winds sang a lullaby. Next Little Bear knew he had been asleep and was waking up. The reason he awoke was because he fell off the tree into the goat trap he had made to catch his friends.

The goat trap had changed into a Little Bear trap. There he was, and there he seemed likely to stay. Round and round and round his trap walked Little Bear, and soon he was wishing he had not built a trap. He called for help until he was hoarse but no one came. He could not keep from thinking about Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat. He knew it was true that Wild Billy Goat didn't intend to push him over the sky wall.

Suddenly Little Bear began to think how funny he must have looked rolling down, down the steep slope to go splashing into the river at the bottom. He couldn't help smiling. No wonder Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat laughed.

Almost immediately Little Bear knew that he had played a great joke on himself when he worked so hard at building a goat trap. Little Bear laughed then; he could not help it; he laughed loud and merrily. He stopped laughing though, when he heard feet scrambling up the wall. Next minute, two friendly faces appeared at the top of the wall. Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat had come at last, and loose stones were rattling down into the trap.

Wild Billy Goat spoke first. "Well, old man, what are you doing down there?" said he.

"I am thinking," answered Little Bear.

Wild Billy Goat laughed, so did Wild Nanny Goat; Little Bear laughed too.

"Who built this strong wall of logs and stones in front of our cave?" Wild Nanny Goat inquired.

"I did," answered Little Bear. "It was a mistake. I can't get out!"

"You just wait," advised Wild Billy Goat. "We'll call the little Woodchuck brothers who are over in your playground. They are good diggers!"

And away he and Wild Nanny Goat went, laughing as they ran. The Woodchuck brothers came straightway and dug a big hole under the wall so Little Bear could crawl out of his own trap.

"I am glad I have such good friends," Little Bear told brother and sister Wild Goat and the little Woodchuck brothers.

They wondered then why he rolled over and over on the grass and laughed.



Little Bear was leaning so far over the wall that . . .



## IN TOWN

By Virginia Strong



A little garden, yet there's room  
For every lovely kind of bloom  
That old-remembered gardens hold  
Of pansy, pink and marigold;  
Heliotrope and mignonette  
In gentle sweetness here are met,  
While larkspur and forget-me-not  
Bring Heaven's azure to the plot;  
Nasturtium riots o'er the wall,  
The hollyhocks and foxgloves tall  
Are sentinels to guard the sweet  
And tiny comrades at their feet.  
There is no turf, for trees no room,  
No paths to wander, just perfume  
And color, color, everywhere  
Like jeweled window's call to prayer;  
I think that souls do pause to pray,  
Caught unaware upon their way.

## A FIRE THAT GREW A FOREST

AN explorer tells of a party of sailors who landed on an island in the far north and by mischance set fire to the stunted vegetation of the place. They left the island a bare and blackened desolation.

Some years later another party of explorers landed there and found the place covered with silver-birch trees, in all their loveliness of bark and leaf. But for the fire, it is suggested, there would have been no birches. The seeds were there in the ground, had been there perhaps for many years. Circumstances, however, had afforded them no chance of growth before the fire destroyed the stronger competitive growths, which until then had crowded them out.

Those dormant seeds in that lonely island are typical of millions of similarly dormant seeds in every land, in every field and prairie and desert. Circumstances are against them. The climate is too cold, or too hot. There are stronger, harder growths against which they cannot successfully compete. So they wait until there is a tide in their affairs that gives them their chance.

John Burroughs once said that he had never seen earth taken from so great a depth that it would not before the end of the season be clothed with a crop of some sort. He tells in one of his essays of a New England farmer who, "digging a well, came at a great depth upon sand like that upon the sea shore. It was thrown out, and in due time there sprang from it a species of marine plant." It is probable, as naturalists suggest, that beneath the soil in temperate climates lie seeds of tropical plants that would spring into life if the climate changed to a hotter one. The flora is there, unseen, ungathered, often unsuspected, waiting for the day of its opportunity.

Lives in this respect resemble fields. In them also are dormant seeds, lovely things in unlikely places, which have never come to birth. They wait their chance. They may have been choked out by stronger-growing weeds. They may have found no sufficient quickening, no suitable environment. There were dormant things in Matthew the publican and in Mary Magdalene, discovered by One who saw deeper than others, and who brought the right climate with Him.

Sometimes the troubles and calamities of life are found to have similar liberating power. In the wake of some disaster beautiful things come to birth, and the barren place becomes a fruitful field. The fire has grown a forest.

## A KANGAROO MOTHER

THIS tale was told to me, writes a contributor, when I was in Australia. The friend who told it knew the place where it happened during the nine-years drought that ended about 1903.

In a drought the wild creatures of the bush become so thirsty that they brave even the dangerous dooryards of the settlers for a drink of water. So the settlers, whose cattle and sheep died like flies for want of water, were constantly on the lookout lest those wild creatures of the bush drink what little water there was left. To prevent their doing so each man had a loaded gun hung near the doorway, ready to be used at a moment's notice.

Such a call came one hot summer's day. Instantly the settler seized his gun and stood ready. Out of the bush a mother kangaroo, with a young one in her pouch, came loping across the brown, powdery open space surrounding the house. Instead of shooting, the man stood watching her. Nearer and nearer she came, her beautiful brown eyes fixed beseechingly on him. She made her way straight to the tub of water set for the use of the few domestic animals that had survived. Still the settler did not shoot.

The water reached, she waited, her soft gaze still fixed on the settler, while the young

kangaroo in her pouch drank his fill. Then she turned, without taking one drop for herself, and loped back across the sunburnt open, through the tall, gaunt gum trees on into the tangled depth of the bush itself. The settler watched her until she had disappeared. Then he hung up his gun and, with a choking in his throat, went back to work.

## THE WILD BURROS OF THE SONORAN DESERT

IN the southwestern mountains and deserts, writes Dr. William T. Hornaday, the common donkey becomes a burro and takes on a mild wild-west flavor. He is the silent partner of the tired and hungry prospector and the luckless pack animal of the rainless lands. He looks like a philosopher, and most of the time he must act like one or die.

Once upon a time, while running loose in Sonora, old Mexico, I strayed into the neighborhood of a lot of wild burros and became distantly acquainted with them. They lived along the middle section of the Sonoyta River, between the Sonoyta Oasis and Pinacate Peak, near the boundary between Mexico and the United States.

There were perhaps fifty of those animals, and they made it quite clear that they would have no dealings with us. They were wilder than the mountain sheep that we found later on. To obtain water when the Sonoyta River was dry they did just what the wild zebra herds do in British East Africa under similar circumstances. They selected the most promising spots in the dry river bed and with their front feet dug holes down to where water was held fast on beds of waterproof clay. We saw several of their waterholes, some wet and some dry; the usual depth was about three feet.

But, though these burros had nothing to do but to graze and search for water, they were not altogether happy. They longed for good society. At night when our horses had been picketed in the best grass available, and the campers had settled down in their sleeping-bags, those burros would draw nigh and pour out their lonesomeness in wailing hee-haws that rang afar over the plain. It sounded like the lamentations of lost souls floating around in space. Those renegade burros actually longed for social contact with the civilization that they had flouted and scorned. As we lay in our places, all undefended, they would gallop all round our camp, while we hoped that their hoofs would not land on our stomachs.

Once we made our camp a short distance westward of a trail and bedded down facing eastward. The desert moon rose late and big, and then we heard galloping hoofs on the trail. Silently we rose on our elbows, looked and listened for trouble. Not a word was spoken. Opposite our camp the hoof-beats stopped, as if wicked men were looking for us and holding a whispered conversation. Presently a black form loomed up against the moon and halted, still as a statue. We stared, and the thing stared—so we supposed. Finally the sharpest pair of eyes made out a pair of commanding ears, and a tired voice said with a relieved note, "Burros!"

Those renegade burros taught us a useful lesson; in fact several lessons. The call of the wild is not always all that it is cracked up to be. It is easy to get too far from civilization and to stay too long. It is better to have society and a daily task than a desertful of solitude and uncertainties in the grub-pile.

## A WASP MADE HIM A HERO—ALMOST

THE talk round the stove at the corner grocery store had drifted to the subject of personal bravery. One after another of the group had told marvelous tales of daring rescues, hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures. At last the quiet stranger who was in the group but not of it said:

"Gentlemen, I have been about the world a bit in my day. I have seen many daring rescues, narrow escapes and hair-raising adventures, but the most peculiar incident that I ever witnessed occurred right here on an American mountain river.

"With a companion I was chugging down the river in a small motor boat. As we drew near our destination, a city that stands on the bank just above a great waterfall, we saw an object in the water. It proved to be a man who could not swim, and the current was bearing him rapidly toward the falls. Several men were standing on the bank, shouting and gesticulating; they had neither boat nor rope. The current was so swift and the waterfall so near that it would have been foolhardy for anyone to have tried to swim out and bring him in.

"Suddenly a man came catapulting out of a fourth-story window of a building that stood on the bank. We thought he would surely be dashed to death when he struck the water, but somehow he managed to right himself and took the water head foremost in a beautiful dive that brought him up right beside the drowning man. The diver thrust out a hand, seized the other by the hair and, turning, made for the shore. He reached the bank at the very brink of the cataract.

"A crowd soon gathered. We made a hasty landing and added our congratulations to those that were being showered on the fellow. "A pompous gentleman came bustling up.

"Bravo, my man!" he said, slapping the rescuer on the back. "From the bridge yonder I witnessed your noble rescue of this poor fellow. I'll see to it that you receive your Carnegie medal."

"The rescuer's gaze dropped, and his face reddened. 'For what are those medals supposed to be awarded, judge?' he asked.

"For courage, daring, bravery in saving human life."

"Then I cannot accept it. Every step of this rescue was prompted by cowardice. I am six feet three and weigh two hundred and sixty pounds, all bone and muscle. I ought not be afraid of anything, but I am deathly scared of wasps. I was at work in my shop on the fourth floor of that building with my back toward the open window when a wasp came buzzing right under my nose. In terror I sprang backward; my legs struck the low seat of the window, and I lost my balance and tumbled out. As I fell I was conscious of but one thing—a sickening fear that I should strike the water broadside and have the life knocked out of me. I am a strong swimmer and a good diver. By a great effort and by luck I managed to strike the water head foremost. I did not know that a man was drowning out in the river. When I came up beside him he made a grab for me. Thoroughly frightened lest he elasp me round the neck and pull me down, I thrust out a hand to push him away. A lock of his long, tangled hair caught in the mounting of my ring. I could not tear it loose. I had no choice but to bring him with me. On the way in as I felt the current pulling me down toward the cataract if I could have freed my hand I would have done so and left the poor fellow to his fate. No Carnegie medal for me, thank you. If you really want to show your appreciation, though, you might go up to my shop and kill that dratted wasp."

## THEN ONE DAY—BEHOLD!

THIS old beech tree did a most astonishing thing. Some time ago the wind blew it down; then a forester lopped off the branches, and for about eighteen months the trunk lay flat on the ground.

Then one day—behold! While making his



round the forester was astounded to see the tree standing as the picture shows!

A writer in Country Life, from which we take the photograph, offers this plausible explanation:

"We think that rain on the earth among the roots made the base so heavy that it pulled the tree up again, though I have never heard of such a thing's happening before. The tree has been standing now for some months."

## BUNNY FOILS A WEASEL

AN old reader of The Companion writes us that he has had the unusual experience of a lonely winter in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where he occupied, through the kindness of the Forest Service, a ranger's cabin at Custer Peak. It was a long and cold but beautiful winter, he writes, and it was full of interesting experiences. One occurred toward the close of the season after a long and heavy snow storm.

A rabbit lived under the cabin, and one morning after a storm a weasel found him. I noticed the rabbit dashing wildly to and fro through the snow. Finally he stopped on a hummock only to bound away at once. Then for the first time I saw the savage pursuer relentlessly coursing his trail. I had left my rifle in Deadwood, but immediately I entered the lists against the weasel. Rushing him with an axe, I missed ending his cruel life by less than eight inches. I hurled firewood at him and tried to brain him with a club. All to no avail. The weasel knew no fear. He was too quick for me and knew it. His one determination was to

dine on rabbit, and nothing could sidetrack him.

For two hours the grim drama continued. The rabbit never ran far, often stopping to rest. Repeatedly he leaped away only a few inches ahead of the weasel, who whenever he lost sight of the cottontail would carefully search every rod of the area within a four-hundred-foot circle. Finally the rabbit disappeared, and after searching vainly for a half-hour the weasel quit and departed, probably bent upon murderous quests elsewhere. Later, much later, I found the rabbit very much alive and well where he had buried himself in a snow drift; he deserves credit for knowing enough to escape so determined an enemy.

## LOST IN A DRUG STORE

"I'll only be gone five minutes," a city man told his wife, soliloquizing: "I ought to be able to run into a drug store and get this prescription filled in that time."

He entered one of those modern drug stores, so called.

Greeting him at the left, says the Pathfinder, was a polished soda fountain and lunch counter. At his right was a bargain table of writing paper. At a counter that displayed eggs in cartons he inquired where he could find the prescription department.

"I'm sorry I don't know," replied the blond saleswoman between chews of gum. "I've only been here a month, you know."

A like inquiry at the toy counter further down the aisle brought this reply: "I don't know whether we handle prescriptions any more, but we have a full line of walking and talking dolls."

The following is a rough ground-floor plan of the drug store as the medicine seeker found it in pushing his search:

- "Radio sets."
- "Latest novels, 75 cents."
- "Umbrellas at a sacrifice."
- "Kodaks and photographic supplies."
- "Smoking outfits."
- "Ivory dressing-sets."
- "Bathing-suits."
- "Fishing-tackle."
- "Picture frames."
- "Auto accessories."
- "Bathrobes, blankets and house dusters."
- "Electric irons and toasters."
- "Fire extinguishers."
- "Gloves and handkerchiefs."
- "Typewriter ribbons and mucilage."
- "Waste baskets and clothes hangers."
- "Rugs and window curtains."

Wearied and out of breath, the customer with the prescription finally espied an elderly salesman wearing a cascade of whiskers in lieu of a necktie.

"How long have you been working here?" he inquired.

"What's that?"

"I said, how long have you been employed here?"

"Oh, about thirty years—no—let me see now. I came here about the second year after the big blizzard of '88 and—"

"Did you ever hear of the drug counter?" the customer persisted.

"Well, let me think," rejoined the veteran, scratching his head thoughtfully. "Some one did ask about it four years ago. At that time, as near as I remember, it stood away back in the store. You might look behind that special sale of tapestry."

The customer finally did find a sign that when the dust was wiped away, revealed the word, "Prescriptions."

"Five minutes and two hours late," said his better half sarcastically when the persistent hunter finally returned with the medicine.

## ON A FLEXIBLE SCHEDULE

MARK TWAIN, the Argonaut recalls, said that during his career as a pilot the worst boat on the Mississippi was the Stephen J. Hill. This boat's untidiness was only equaled by her slowness. Only strangers, only the tenderfoot, used her. One afternoon, while the boat was poking along down the river, a thick fog drifted down and the Stephen J. Hill had to heave to for the night. As she lay there, swathed in gray, a passenger said to the captain:

"It is too bad we're goin' to be late, captain."

"We ain't goin' to be late," the captain answered.

"But I thought," said the passenger, "that we had to tie up to this bank here all night."

"So we do," said the captain, "but that ain't goin' to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."

## CHILDHOOD'S FAVORITE TREAT

EARLY one morning last winter when the thermometer was near zero, says Everybody's Magazine, a Chicago man who directs the operation of a score of newsboys considered it a good idea to give the boys some food to help them combat the cold. He invited them all into a restaurant. "Now order what you want," he said to them, "so you'll be able to keep warm when you go out on the street."

And every mother's son of them ordered ice cream.



## THE DEPARTMENT PAGES



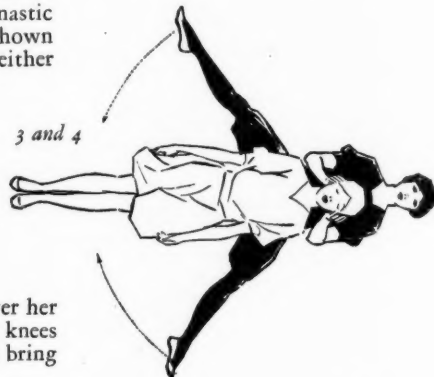
## LIFE-SAVING

It is not enough for a swimmer to know many strokes, to be able to go considerable distances or to dive with

confidence; she should also have enough knowledge of life-saving to break the clutch of a person who is struggling in the water and to tow her ashore. Some of the best ways of doing these things are here shown, but don't think that a single reading of this

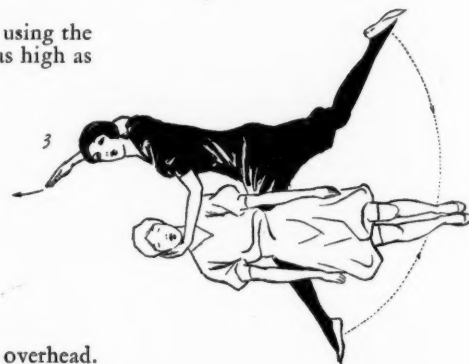
page is all that is needed to impress them on your memory. You must practice them—and that is why the pictures and instructions are numbered like the counts in a gymnastic exercise. If the victim, who is shown in white, is unconscious, use either

method A or method B to tow her; if she is merely exhausted and will obey, use any of the four methods.



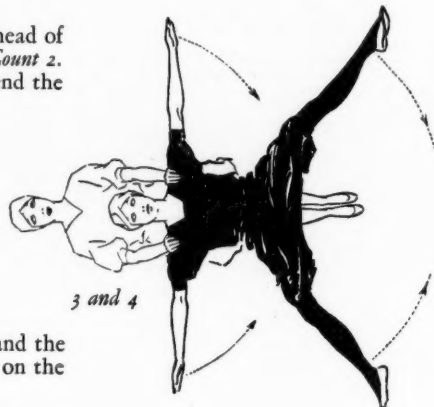
A. Float on your back in a position under and ahead of the victim, who is also on her back. Put your hands over her ears. Swim with a simple leg stroke, as follows: *Count 1.* Start with the legs and feet together. *Count 2.* Bend the knees out to the side near the surface of the water. *Count 3.* Stretch the legs far apart. *Count 4.* With a strong movement bring the legs together. *Count 5.* Ride on the stroke as in the first position.

B. Lie on your right side, beside the victim, who is on her back. Put your left arm round her neck and, using the side stroke, swim with your right arm and both legs. *Count 1.* The starting position. *Count 2.* Bend the knees as high as possible with the legs together and at the same time make a strong sweep downward with the right arm. *Count 3.* Stretch the legs far apart, as you would for a running step, keeping them near the surface of the water.



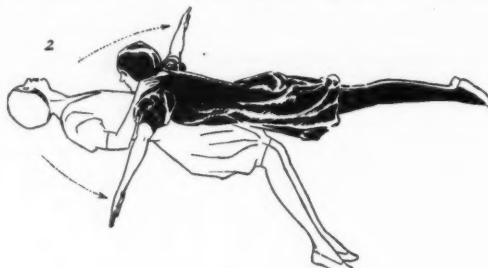
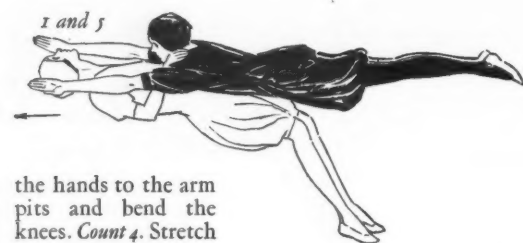
Then with a strong sweep bring them together and at the same time slip the right arm straight up overhead. *Count 4.* Ride on the stroke, with your body in a straight line from the fingers of the right hand to the toes.

C. *Count 1.* Make the victim who is conscious and able to obey your instructions lie on her back under and ahead of you, with her hands on your shoulders. You too are on your back and must swim with the simple back stroke. *Count 2.* Draw the hands up the sides to the arm pits and keep the elbows flat on the water. With the feet together, bend the



knees out to the sides near the surface of the water. *Count 3.* Stretch the arms out at right angles to the body and the legs far apart. *Count 4.* With a strong movement bring the arms to the sides and the legs together. *Count 5.* Ride on the stroke.

D. *Count 1.* Make the victim lie on her back under and ahead of you, with her hands on your shoulders. You are face-down in the water. Swim with the breast stroke. *Count 2.* With a strong movement bring the arms from a position straight overhead to right angles with the body. Let the legs hang straight out behind. *Count 3.* Bring



the hands to the arm pits and bend the knees. *Count 4.* Stretch the arms up overhead again. Stretch the legs out to the sides and then bring them together with a strong push. *Count 5.* Ride on the stroke. (Fig. 4.)



## IF THE VICTIM STRUGGLES

1. If she seizes you round the neck, put your left hand at her back and push hard with your right hand on her chin. 2. If she clutches both your hands, break her hold by moving them quickly downward and inward. 3. If she gets her arms round your waist, put your left hand at her back and with your right hand under her chin and your right knee on her chest give her a hard push backward. Practice each of these methods with a friend, but when you really use them on a drowning person be a lot more violent than you would with the friend. You must kick and shove and fight, for that is what the victim will be doing, but you must do it right. The drawing at the left shows how to hold a struggling person as you tow her.





## HAVE A HORSE— TREAT HIM RIGHT



**AUTOMOBILES** are nearly everywhere. The latest complete figures show 18,023,584 in the world. Even in the Congo there are forty-five. But horses are everywhere. The figures show 18,263,000 horses on the farms of the United States alone. Other countries are not included in the count; neither are the cities of our own country, where multitudes of horses are used for work and pleasure riding.

**A** BOY who was trying to make his pony raise one foot from the end of the halter that hung from its neck one day attracted the attention of a friendly woman. The boy wished to release the halter, but the horse would not lift his foot. So the boy was kicking against the back of the pony's foreleg, a method that in dealing with a horse is as futile as it is dangerous. It is not likely to make him raise his foot, and, as there are no muscles in that part of the leg to protect the bones and tendons, even a slight blow here may work injury to the horse.

After watching the lad for a moment the woman drew rein and said, "Tickle his ankle." The boy hesitated an instant and then obeyed. Up came the foot, and the rope was free.

"That's a great scheme!" he said as the woman drove on. "Thank you!"

There is a right way of doing everything, but there is almost nothing that, gone about in the right way, can be reduced to so perfect a science as caring for a horse; yet there is nothing about the ordinary farm or barnyard that is usually

Take him out  
to the trough



done so poorly. It would be bad enough if it were merely a matter of injury to property; but when, besides that, dumb creatures are made to suffer it becomes a much more serious matter.

Nearly every artist who makes a picture of the inside of a farm stable puts in a hen or two as a sort of realistic touch to complete the picture. As a matter of fact, it is a realistic touch, for there are almost always hens round the stalls of a farm stable, and nothing could be worse for the horses. The boy who has a pony should see to it that no hens find their way to the pony's stall. Neither should pigeons be kept in a stable; but one boy kept a flock of them in a loft directly over the stall of a saddle horse that was his pride and delight until the horse had a dreadful attack of mange. Then he removed the pigeons, whitewashed the stable and the loft and after six months of trouble, worry and expense cured his horse.

In one of the largest racing stables in California there hangs over every stall a notice to the effect that the employee who speaks harshly to one of the horses, or who raises his voice in anger in the stables, will be discharged. It is a wise rule. More horses are made ill-natured by bad stable treatment than in any other way. A horse should never be struck when he is tied in his stall. It is pretty sure to get him into the habit of kicking. He should never be tickled or teased in the stall or curried there. In particular a horse should never be groomed while he is eating; yet that is the time which most people take for making a horse's morning toilet. It is bad for his digestion.

Horses suffer as much from not having water regularly as from being fed insufficiently or irregularly. They are not likely to drink much in the early morning, but they should have a chance to drink if they wish, and, if they refuse, they should have no more until at least an hour after they have eaten, if they have grain. The reason is that the water washes the grain from the stomach into the intestines before it is properly digested. Of course no horse should have water or grain while he is still hot from exercise.

The boy who wishes to take care of a horse properly should give him a drink not later than seven o'clock every morning. The water should not be carried to his stall, but he should be taken to the trough, and while he is there, or

while he is tied outside, the stall should be cleaned. If there is any food left in the manger, it should be removed. The straw used for bedding at night should never be left under the manger through the day. The ammoniacal vapors that rise from it are bad for the horse's eyes.

Before the horse is brought back to the stall his hind hoofs should be examined and cleaned. Manure left in them is likely to produce thrush or other disease of the feet.

For breakfast the horse should have about three pounds of grain and an armful of hay, not more than four pounds, and he should have at least an hour in which to eat undisturbed. When he has finished his breakfast he should be taken from the stall and groomed.

The currycomb should never be used on the animal's head or legs. On the legs it is particularly bad, as it can easily cause injury to the bone, which is protected below the knee only by the skin. That part of the leg should never be rubbed in front, even with the bare hand. The back tendon from knee to ankle may be rubbed lightly, and it often needs that care.

After the body has been gone over lightly with the currycomb a stiff brush or a small whisk broom should be used to remove the dust and dandruff. For that purpose the broom is the best thing possible. The face should be brushed and the mane and tail combed out lightly. Then the horse is ready for the day's work. It will be all right at that time to give him a drink before the bridle is put on.

At noon he should be watered, have about two pounds of grain and a little hay, and when his afternoon's work is done he may have a drink and another pound of grain. In the evening he should have plenty of water, a good bed and as much hay as will take him about two hours to eat. In all, he should have during the day ten or twelve pounds of good hay and six pounds of oats or barley. Oats are a stimulating food for horses and are likely to make them too lively.

Once a week the careful horseman gives his charge a bran mash, made by putting about three quarts of bran into a metal vessel with a liberal handful of salt and pouring over it enough boiling water to make a good thick mush. That or any other moist food should never be turned into the manger, where it is likely to get into the corners and become sour.

No moist food in  
the manger



The horse fed in that way should have steady work and can readily do twelve or fifteen miles a day in harness or under the saddle with an occasional day of much harder work. A heavy farm horse, working at hauling or plowing, should have more food—say twenty-five pounds a day all told, of which sixteen or seventeen pounds should be hay; the amounts given at the four feeding times should be proportioned about as the lighter allowances are. If ever it becomes necessary to change the diet of a horse, it should be done gradually.

It has already been said that a horse should never be struck when he is tied in his stall. There is one other case besides that of a balking animal in which a whip should never be used, and that is when you are driving with a loose rein. More horses fall from that cause than from any other.

You should never strike a horse without first

speaking to him or without first drawing the reins tight. If a horse traveling under loose reins is suddenly struck by the whip, he is sure to jump and often to make a misstep that will bring him to his knees. For the same reason he should never be started with the whip; nor, unless it is impossible to do otherwise, should he be pulled too suddenly to a standstill.

The things just mentioned are faults by which careless or ignorant drivers spoil or injure horses. But they are mistakes rather than intentional cruelties, and a boy who loves horses will keep in mind what they are and avoid them.



### THIS YEAR'S CHANGES IN THE FOOTBALL RULES

**T**HE changes in the football rules this year are not revolutionary; both to the player and to the spectator the game will be very like that of last year, though the ruling of the officials in certain cases will be slightly different. A summary of the changes follows:

1. The kick-off will again be from the forty-yard line of the offensive team instead of from midfield, as last year. It was thought last year that with the abolition of tees a shorter kick-off would be necessary. Such did not prove to be the case; almost invariably the kicker was able to send the ball sailing over the opponent's goal line for a touchback, which monotonously put the ball in play at the twenty-yard line.

2. When the defensive team is off-side the penalty will be five yards as heretofore, but the offensive team will not receive a first down. The down remains the same; that is, no down is counted on the play.

3. If a kick is blocked behind the line of scrimmage by a member of either team, the ball goes to the side that recovers it. If the offensive side recovers the ball, the play counts as a down. If the kick is blocked by either side and goes over the line of scrimmage, the ball is played as though it had not been touched, and the kicking team is not on-side until the ball has been touched beyond the line of scrimmage by a member of the defensive team, after which it is a free ball.

This is probably the most drastic change in the rules this year and is another step toward eliminating on-side play. It puts a further premium on an attempt to block a kick, for even though the offensive team recovers a blocked kick it does not thereby gain a first down unless it carries the ball forward the necessary distance.

4. The rule defining the scrimmage line is clarified, and the "line" is shown to be an imaginary vertical plane passing through the end of the ball. This simplifies the old rule, so that being on-side becomes a matter not of "toeing a line" but of keeping all parts of the body behind an imaginary plane.

5. If a member of the offensive team touches a kicked ball that has not previously been touched by an opponent before crossing the opponent's goal line and then touches it again

after it has crossed the goal line, he has committed two fouls, and the defensive team may elect the penalty for either; that is, it may elect to take the ball where it was first touched or to put the ball in play on the twenty-yard line as following the touchback.

6. A trainer or doctor may come on the field of play to attend an injured player without first receiving permission from an official, but he must report to the referee or umpire before attending the player.

7. The captain winning the toss before the game may elect to kick off, to receive the kick-off or to defend either goal. Previously he had only two choices—to kick off or to defend either goal; he could not elect to receive.

8. If an off-side player touches a kicked ball directly in front of a goal post and within one yard of the post, the opponents may move the ball laterally in order that the center may avoid the obstruction.

9. The penalty for clipping is increased to twenty-five yards, the award to be made from the spot where the foul occurred.

10. Shoulder guards unless of soft material must be thoroughly padded outside.

11. The rules against flying tackles and tackling below the knees are stricken out. Officials have long disregarded these two rules, and coaches have pointed out that flying tackles are not more dangerous than other tackles, while tackling below the knees is never purposeful since it is an uncertain way of stopping a runner and more dangerous to the tackler than the runner.

The Rules Committee, without making it a rule, recommended that quarters of not more than twelve minutes be played in interscholastic games.

The Department Page service is for Companion subscribers. When you write to the Department Editor asking questions about the contents of these pages please give the name and address to which your paper goes.

### CARE AND USE OF THE VACUUM BOTTLE

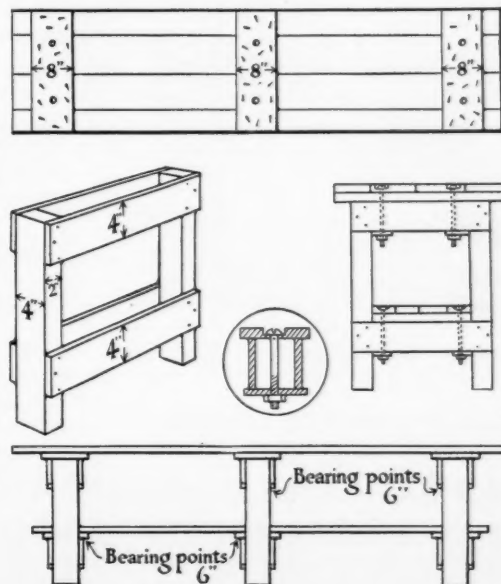
**A** VACUUM bottle is no good if it leaks. If it is in good shape, it is altogether one of the most useful articles that can be included in the outfit for a short outdoor excursion or carried by anyone who would otherwise eat a cold lunch. The faithful observance of a few simple precautions will keep it always in good shape.

Never jar a vacuum bottle sharply. If you drive, carry the bottle on the seat or in a box padded with excelsior or a folded cloth, or lay it on a robe or wrap in the bed of buggy or car.

Before you fill the bottle with a hot food temper it with warm water. After using it wash it in the same manner that you would wash any other fine glassware and prop it up to drain and air in a safe place. A tall jar or can makes a good draining rack. When you have to remove the bottle from the metal jacket be careful not to break off the tiny projection at the bottom. That projection is very fragile and very necessary. If possible seal the cork and dry it in the sun after every use of the bottle. It is a good plan to use two corks alternately. After you have handled a vacuum bottle a few times you will become used to the routine of care and will follow it automatically, as you do many other tasks, and find it no harder than caring for other utensils.

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## FADING OF RADIO SIGNALS

A FORM of interference with radio reception that is particularly puzzling to most owners of sets is that of "fading." The interruption makes itself evident by a change in the intensity with which the programme is received. For example, a certain station may be picked up, and the programme may be clear and reasonably loud, with the receiver adjusted for good reception. If the controls are not changed, the instrument should continue to receive the station satisfactorily. Many times, however, the signals slowly decrease in intensity, or "fade," and sometimes cease entirely within a few minutes. Usually after a short interval they begin again and increase in intensity until they reach their original strength or become even louder than at first. Such swings, or periods of loudest signals, usually follow one another with more or less regularity, the time between successive periods of loudest signals being from three to fifteen minutes and averaging about seven minutes. Besides the slow swings there may be rapid variations of intensity, many of which are not perceived by the ear because they do not greatly interfere with reception.

Stations that fade badly at a particular place—so badly that it is almost impossible to receive them satisfactorily—may be received with remarkable steadiness at another point. For example, in the vicinity of Boston it is very difficult to receive either Springfield, Massachusetts, or Schenectady, New York, because of the great variations in the strength of signals. Those two stations are received regularly and steadily at points south of New York, and also throughout the Middle West.

The general explanation of fading is this: The rays of the sun affect the layers of the upper atmosphere in such a way that so long as rays are acting on the atmosphere and for one or two hours after the sun has been cut off by the shadow of the earth the upper atmosphere absorbs radio waves to a considerable extent. During the daylight and twilight hours, then, the signal that reaches a given receiver from a given transmitter follows the surface of the earth.

### Distance doesn't decide

Sometime after the sun's rays have left the upper atmosphere the character of the atmosphere changes so that the higher layers become reasonably good conductors, with the result that those layers reflect radio waves rather well. At night, then, the signals sent out by a transmitting station not only follow along the surface of the earth, as in the daytime, but also are reflected back to the earth from the upper layers of the atmosphere. If the transmitting and receiving stations are so located that the reflected waves can strike the receiving station, the conditions then are such as may cause fading.

The signal that is reflected from the upper atmosphere will arrive at the receiving station at a slightly different time from that which follows along the surface of the earth. If the two sets of waves arrive at the receiver "in step," one will be added to the other, and the resultant signal at the receiver will be louder than that of the waves that follow along the surface of the earth. But if the two sets of waves arrive "out of step," the resultant signal will be weaker than before. As the upper regions of the atmosphere offer neither a very definite reflecting surface nor one that is fixed and permanent, the two sets of waves may arrive in step at one moment and out of step a few moments later, and *vice versa*. The result is that at the receiver the strength of the signal heard from the transmitter changes more or less rapidly, depending upon the rapidity with which the upper layers of the atmosphere change.

If you want to receive a complete programme, tune in on the station that experience has taught you is least liable to fading, so that the probabilities of interruption owing to fading are brought as low as possible. If, however, you want to listen to a particular station that is known to fade, you have a right to ask what you can do to lessen the effects of possible fading.

### What to do

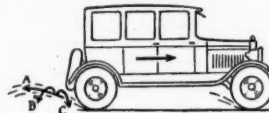
If the transmitting station is one that you normally hear with fairly good volume, hold down the volume as much as you can without destroying satisfactory reception. Then when the fading begins advance the volume control of the receiver to compensate for the decrease of strength in the signal. If the signal does not decrease too far, you can thus keep its volume virtually constant. If the station comes in so faintly as to require you to operate the receiver with the greatest sensitivity even when the signals are normal, there is nothing that you can do to build up the strength of the signal when it fades out, because you are already using the receiver at its maximum. Twiddling the controls of the receiver rarely helps at all; it is more likely to extinguish the signal entirely. The best practice is to wait until the signal builds up to a reasonable value and then adjust the controls to their best settings. After that let the receiver entirely alone. If the signals fade out, you can do nothing until they build up again to a reasonable value; and if you

leave the controls at the best settings, you will get the signals again as they reach that value.

Another example of fading appears in "freak" receptions. In such instances the conditions of the atmosphere, the distance and the wave length are such as to maintain the signal at the receiver at a maximum value for a period of time varying from a few moments to several hours. Stations that you would never normally pick up you may then hear with remarkable clarity. If the conditions are not maintained very long, the signals build up to a large value and then slowly die away, perhaps to reappear later and perhaps not to be heard again. If the listener is lucky enough to hear the station identification, he accomplishes reception the distance of which is the envy of his friends. That kind of reception is termed "heard on the swing" by amateur radio-telegraph operators, who are keen to squeeze the last mile both out of their transmitters and out of the receivers.

### WHAT HAPPENS? THE PROBLEM

HAVE you an eye that can see what really happens, without being influenced by any previous supposition about what probably happens? The next time you see an automobile go by in wet weather, throwing out a plume of dirty drops behind the rear wheels, watch some one of the drops and see which way it is going. Most people think it is following the plume, as indicated by the curved arrow marked A, for that is the way it goes when water is thrown by a hose. But look carefully and see whether the drop follows that course or one of the paths indicated by the arrows marked B or C. A man of science will answer the question in the Department Pages next month.



### THE GUITAR

IN the national museum at Naples is a statue of Apollo, the god of music, seated and holding the cithara—a small harp-shaped instrument from which the lyre was derived as long ago as 1700 B.C. In Greece the cithara was used both to accompany the voice in song and in epic recitation and as a solo instrument at the national games. The Greeks of Asia Minor transformed the cithara into the guitar, and later still the application of the bow to the guitar resulted in the violin. The Moors carried the guitar into Spain, a country where, as in Italy and France, it has always been regarded with the highest favor.

In the late seventeenth century an Italian guitarist was court musician in England, and playing the guitar became a fashionable accomplishment. In the eighteenth century it was popular in court circles in Germany; about the beginning of the nineteenth century Sor of Barcelona, one of the greatest of guitarists, again brought it into favor in England; and in the latter part of the nineteenth century special interest in the guitar appeared in the United States. American instrument makers have worked to perfect it, and for nearly a century some of the finest guitars have been made on this side of the sea.

The Spanish guitar, which somewhat resembles the violin in shape, is about three feet long, and the length is almost equally divided between the body and the neck, which ends in a head bent back at an obtuse angle; the widest part of the instrument measures nearly thirteen inches; the thickness, which is more than four inches at the bottom, decreases slightly toward the top.

The sound board of the guitar is usually made of spruce; the sides and back of rosewood, but sometimes of mahogany; the finger board of ebony; and the head of brass or of German silver. The bridge is attached to the sound board just above its widest part; halfway between it and the upper edge lies the sound hole, a rather large circular opening, the ornamented border of which is called the "rosette"; at the upper edge of the sound hole begins the long finger board, which extends to the head. Across the finger board run nineteen thin, parallel strips of metal, known as "frets," which mark the correct positions for stopping the notes. Also on the finger board are three or more pearl "position dots." From the bridge to the head are stretched six strings, three of catgut and three of silk spun with fine silver wire. The strings run into two barrels in the neck, where they are made fast by screws or ivory pegs, three on each side.

The player, sitting with the left foot on a low stool, holds the guitar on the left knee in a position that admits of using the fingers of the left hand to stop the strings and those of the right hand to set them in vibration. The strings are struck at the side rather than on top; the thumb is used for the three lower strings, and the first, second and third fingers



for the others; the little finger rests on the sound board.

The guitar is made in small sizes for children, and in concert, grand-concert and auditorium sizes. Prices range from \$36 to \$150.

The guitar is so constructed that it is difficult to play on it music that is written in flats; consequently music for it is usually written in C or in sharps.

The tone of the guitar is somewhat dreamy and sentimental; and, since it is essentially an instrument of harmony, its resources are so great as to make it a valuable solo instrument.

The singing quality of its tone makes it especially adapted to accompany the voice and a desirable instrument to use in training the voice. The guitar can be used to accompany the flute, the violin or the mandolin. When it is used with the piano two guitars should be played unless the piano part has

been written for use with the guitar. A quartette can be made up of violin, viola, cello and guitar, and guitars form an essential part of the modern mandolin band.

The guitar player needs a good ear, a refined and musical temperament and sufficient seriousness of purpose to pursue the study of the instrument to a point where its real character becomes evident. Practice is not wearisome because the beautiful tone of the guitar stimulates a desire to practice, and the position is so easy that the demand on the strength is slight—so slight indeed that even invalids have found the guitar a delightful resource.

Misuse and careless treatment are largely responsible for lack of appreciation of the guitar. The instrument deserves players who are willing to devote themselves to it until they can bring out its resources. Whoever tries to do that contributes to the elevation of musical taste.

## THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

### X. The Weekly Suds



**W**ASH day is the bugbear of many housewives, but there are ways of saving labor and time that the women of yesterday did not know. Suitable equipment and the right method will go far toward lightening the laundry work.

The simplest washing equipment consists of portable tubs, a washboard and a wringer, but that combination, though it will get the clothes clean, is no respecter either of fabrics or of human backs. Have stationary tubs if you can, so that you will not have to carry water. Those of slate and soapstone are the most inexpensive, but they absorb stains and draw heat from the water. Porcelain tubs give the longest and best service. Have them set high, to spare your back. Choose a wringer that is reversible, and that is guaranteed. Take care of it by loosening the pressure on the rollers when it is not in use.

There can be no question that a washing machine, either one that operates by hand power or one driven by a motor, saves much work. Some machines save the clothes more than hand rubbing does. There are many kinds on the market, from which you must choose to suit your purse and your tastes. A power machine will of course give the best service, because it will work while you do something else. Have it set close to the tub, so that you can wring from one to the other without carrying, and if possible pipe it to the water and waste systems. Then learn to do just as much with the machine as you can.

To remove the last bit of backache from wash day mount your clothes basket on wheels. If your laundry is in the basement, you should have some kind of lift to get the clothes up to the level of the yard.

Drying the clothes is easy if you have a clean, sunny yard. The lines should be strong, of rather short stretches set not too close together, and of course clean. On wet days either the attic or the basement can be used if they are clean and do not necessitate too much carrying up and down stairs. Whatever place is chosen should be well ventilated and should be heated in winter. For small spaces the overhead drier is a labor-saver. It is compact and keeps the clothes up near the ceiling, where there is the most heat and where they are out of the way.

Good equipment will lighten the work of ironing. Have a solid ironing board that does not shake and squeak at every stroke. Stationary boards are the firmest, but you can get a folding board that is very satisfactory. If you have electricity in the house, by all means use an electric iron. Choose a heavy one,—six to eight pounds,—and one that has an even heating surface. You can easily test that by scorching a piece of paper; if the color is even, the iron is uniformly heated.

Ironing flat work is a serious problem for many housewives. Ironers for such work are expensive in the first cost and not cheap to operate; but they will do flat work much faster than you can do it by hand, and if you can put three fourths of your clothes through the ironer they will save time and labor. But if you must choose, buy a good washer before you buy an ironer. Sheets and towels must be washed, and they are heavy. They can, in a pinch, be folded carefully and used without ironing.

Good washing methods go hand in hand with good equipment. Where is the joy in doing the work if the clothes do not look well after all?

Whether you wash by hand or by machine the first thing to do is to sort the clothes into piles and to look for stains. Hot water sets many stains; so take out as many as you can with cold water. Some stains require special treatment with chemicals, and you should know what they are. The government issues a free bulletin on removing stains, and the Department Editor will be glad to furnish information.

After removing the stains, put the white clothes to soak. If you soak them the night before wash day, use only clear cold water. Otherwise soak them for a half-hour with soap or dissolved mild laundry soda. Too much soda or too long exposure to it has a tendency to weaken fabrics. It is most useful with very dirty clothes or with very hard water.

Next, put the clothes through hot suds; two such waters may have to be used for very dirty garments. Then rinse them, and perhaps boil them. In machine work boiling is not so necessary because the water is hot enough to scald.

It is scarcely possible to over-rinse. Gray, streaked clothes often result from careless rinsing. Use at least two hot waters and one cold one.

Use bluing carefully, so as to avoid streaks. Choose a blue that does not have iron in it, as that may cause streaks and rust spots. Keep the clothes moving freely in the water, and wring them well.

Starching is a process that often causes trouble. Cook the starch slowly until it is clear, then strain it to take out chance lumps, and use it as hot as the hand can bear. Rub it well into the fabric, but leave no excess on the surface, for that will only stick to the iron.

Wash colored clothes by themselves in clean water—not in the soiled suds from white clothes. The main thing is to save the color. In most cases you can do it by using lukewarm or cool water, and by working quickly with as little rubbing as possible. Have the soap in solution. If cold water does not hold the color, use salt until the "bleeding" stops. Remember, however, that salt hardens the water and requires more soap. Wash the garment quickly in suds and rinse it thoroughly. Starch will have to be cooler for colored clothes than for white ones. Hang colored clothes in the shade to dry or roll them in absorbent cloths. Do not use too hot an iron, because dry heat sometimes does queer things to color, and iron them on the wrong side.

Woolens are sensitive to changes of temperature and to hard rubbing. Either will cause wool to shrink beyond repair. Wash such garments without much rubbing, and in clean warm soap suds. Use no soda or washing powders, for alkali is hard on wool; use only mild soap in solution. Rinse the garment in waters of the same temperature as the suds; then put it through the wringer without too much pressure, or squeeze—not twist—it dry. Hang woven garments out to dry; spread knitted ones, such as sweaters and scarfs, in shape on pads to prevent their stretching. Press wool on the wrong side, with a warm iron and a piece of damp cheesecloth.

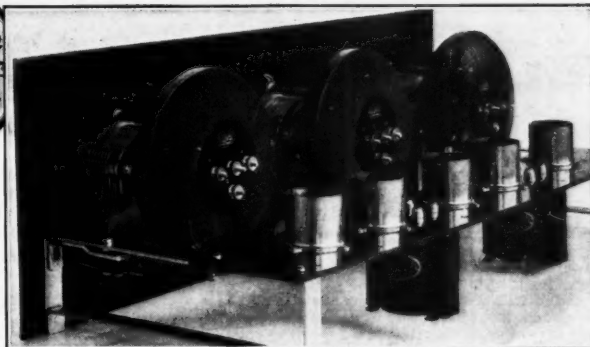
Silks require much the same treatment as wools. They do not shrink, but are easily

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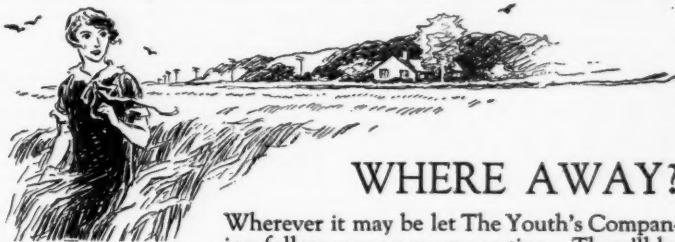
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(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

weakened by bad methods. Wash them with a squeezing motion in soap suds, rinse them thoroughly and dry them in a warm, not hot, place. When they are dry press them on the wrong side with a warm iron. In washing colored silks avoid the use of salt as much as possible, since hard water is bad for silk. Do not wear silk garments too long. Stockings that are rinsed out every day wear much longer than those that must be soaped and rubbed to make them clean.

Most grimy things yield to plain soap and water, and washing them is cheaper than dry cleaning.

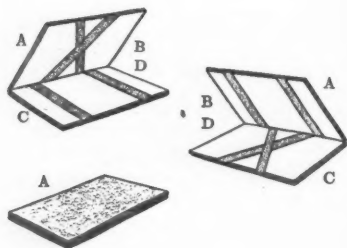
### PUZZLE BILL CASE

YOU can easily make the puzzle bill fold that is shown in the illustration and cover it with material to match the inside of your bag or pocketbook. A plain silk lining and a fancy ribbon make a good combination. A handy size is three and three-quarters by three and one-eighth inches, but the case can be put together on a much larger scale if it is to be used for carrying papers and manuscripts instead of bills. First cut four pieces of medium-weight cardboard to the uniform size and cover one side of each with the plain silk, say rose satin. Call the pieces A, B, C and D. A and C are to form the outside of the case.

Place the uncovered surfaces of A and B and of C and D together and stitch the edges of the short sides together with blind stitches. Leave the long edges open for the time being. Insert between A and B, in one of the longer edges, two ribbons about three eighths of an inch wide. Set the ribbons one inch in from their respective corners, cross them over the covered side of B, so that they lie symmetrically, and then sew together the top edge where they are inserted. Leave the bottom edge unsewn and the ribbon loose for the time being.

Fasten two ribbons of the same kind at the top of CD about half an inch in from their respective corners. They should stretch in straight, parallel lines across the plain surface of D.

You are now ready to join the covers AB and CD. Fasten the ends of the crossed ribbons on



B in the open bottom edge of CD. The ribbons must be perfectly smooth and must be fastened to CD so that there is no gap between the bottom edges of the two covers AB and CD. When the ribbons on AB have been properly placed close the case and blindstitch the open edges of CD together. Then open the case and fasten the ribbons on CD in the open edge of AB. Close the case and blindstitch the open edge of AB.

Open the finished case and lay a bill in the centre of it, on top of the ribbons. When you close the case and open it at the other side you will find the bill held securely under the crossed ribbons. Close the case, open it at the other edge and you will find the bill held by the straight ribbons. The effect is puzzling, but it is easy to understand when you know that it is the ribbons that change position, and not the bill.

### A FROZEN-NORTH PARTY

A TRIP to the frozen north on an iceberg is an attraction that should make an invitation to any party welcome on a hot summer day. Decorate the invitations with sketches of winter scenes, write a jingle on each one and sprinkle them with artificial frost—usually made of ground mica.

Line the walls and ceilings of the room with sheets to give it a white, cave-like appearance. Cover the furniture with sheets and towels and sprinkle artificial snow on the floor. In conspicuous places hang placards: "No fans allowed," "Ain't it cold!" "Is your snow shovel ready for use tomorrow?" "May I borrow your skates?" "Utter no words such as 'warm,' 'hot,' 'fire,' 'heat.'" Have small evergreen trees or branches of other varieties in the room and decorate them with tufts of cotton, sprinkled with artificial snow. Cover the light globes with fringed white paper and from doorways, pictures and windows suspend snowballs covered with mica dust. Hang a huge thermometer painted on cardboard where it will attract attention; show the mercury as standing below zero. A wonderful snowstorm effect can be produced by stringing bits of cotton to fine

threads of different lengths and suspending them from horizontal threads near the ceiling.

One of the good winter games is Hitting the Polar Bear. Place a Teddy bear on a stand and toss paper snowballs at him. Divide the players into two teams and give a prize to the team that first scores twenty.

Biting a Snowball is played with a large popcorn ball, suspended from a doorway or chandelier. The player stands with hands behind his back and has five chances to take a bite out of the ball. Should he succeed, the ball is his, and a new one is hung for the next player. Another game is played by stringing rock candy like icicles on a line, then blindfolding a player and starting him across the room toward them. If in a given number of steps he reaches the line and touches one of the icicles, it belongs to him.

White candies or peppermints furnish material for a snowball race. Mark off a track and let the guests in turn carry on the blade of a knife as many "snowballs" as they can. Each one receives the snowballs that remain on his knife when he has finished the race.

Ball games can be played with wads of cotton, to be tossed into a basket or thrown through a ring. For a quieter game let each guest write in a given time as many words as possible that suggest cold.

### An iceberg in an ocean

Float a large piece of ice in a tub of water to represent an iceberg in the ocean. Let the players sit round it for a sea contest. Give each guest a slip of paper containing questions and allow a certain number of minutes for the players to write the answers. For example:

1. Which sea imagines? Fancy.
2. Which sea bequeaths? Legacy.
3. Which sea is dainty? Delicacy.
4. Which sea is kind? Leniency.
5. Which sea is insane? Lunacy.
6. Which sea is incomplete? Deficiency.
7. Which sea means a plot? Conspiracy.
8. Which sea is correct? Accuracy.
9. Which sea despairs? Despondency.
10. Which sea sells? Agency.

A snowball game can be played with a snow man made from a dressmaker's dummy or from quilts rolled up and covered with cotton. The object is to knock off his hat by throwing snowballs from the opposite end of the room. A snowball battle can be carried on with snowballs made of rags covered with cotton and having a small stone in the centre to give them weight. The best plan is to leave them in the tub of ice water until they are wanted and then squeeze them out; they will then be cold and wet.

Ice cream and white cake or lemonade with white wafers and popcorn balls are appropriate refreshments. If you serve them at a table, use a white paper cloth and plain paper napkins, with white dishes and glasses. For the centerpiece have a tiny Christmas tree loaded with cotton and sprinkled with mica dust. If the branches are hung with cotton snowballs, each containing a favor or piece of candy, the trees can be stripped for the last course.

### A PERIPATETIC SECRETARY

PERHAPS there is money for you in the experience of a certain Southern girl who could not take a full-time position because she was needed at home. She became a peripatetic, or walking, secretary. A well-to-do woman engaged her for secretarial work twice a month from ten in the morning to half past three in the afternoon.

The girl soon obtained employment for a few hours at a time from many different persons, going to some two or three times a week and to others two or three times a month.

She pays by check the bills of her employers, pays the servants in cash, opens the mail, takes down and typewrites the dictated answers.

At Christmas time she sees that Christmas-card lists are made and checked off and directs and stamps the envelopes.

In the summer, though her employers are out of town, she goes to their homes as usual, answers or forwards the mail, pays the bills and settles with the servants.

The girl who undertakes such work must have tact and versatility, but she will find her duties interesting and the pay satisfactory.

### THE BELLS OF COLOGNE

THIS is an amusement that children enjoy, that their elders can share with pleasure, and that diverts even those who are too deaf to hear ordinary sounds.

Take a silver tablespoon and tie it just above the bowl to the middle of a string about five feet long. Wrap each end of the string three or four times round a forefinger and then insert the forefingers gently in the ears. The spoon will swing free on the string. Lean forward a little and let the spoon strike a wooden surface, as the edge of the table. The blow will produce a beautiful musical tone.

By tying three or four spoons at intervals on the same string you can produce a set of chimes.



(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)



## Some boys have been shouting for Ansco Film a long time

They're the fellows who always seem to get the best things, first. Funny, but they always seem to have more fun than anyone else.

How about you? Say, young fellow, you've never used film if you haven't tried Ansco Speedex Film! Why? Here's why:

Ansco film is made with only one thing in mind—to help you get good pictures no matter how the sun is behaving. In other words, you don't have to be a judge of light; you don't have to be an expert. *Ansco Film is made for you as you are and the light as it is.*

That's why it's now so easy to get good pictures. That's why Ansco Film adds to your fun. Ride in on it, Boy, and just prove it to yourself!



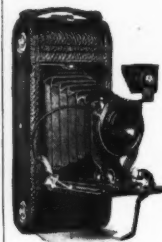
Ansco Speedex Film fits all cameras; it is foil wrapped and comes in the red box with the yellow band.

### Ready-Sets simplify picture-taking

The last word in cameras! The newest trick to add good times to all-the-year fun—that's the Ready-Set.

There are three Ready-Set models—\$8.50—\$10.50 and \$13.50—so yours must be among them. What's a "Ready-Set," you ask?

Ready-Set cameras are those that are all "set" for you to use—ready to take snaps or time exposures by one turn of one dial. No worrying. No fussing. No guessing. Easy as going in swimming. You just buy a Ready-Set, load up with Ansco Film and then—Shoot!



The \$13.50 Ready-Set camera takes pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4.

So—now—it's easy to get good pictures

**ANSCO**  
CAMERAS & SPEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon—  
Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, INC.,  
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the items checked. I am enclosing \$.....  
☐ Four rolls (or proportionate number if size is 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 or larger) of Ansco Speedex Film. Price \$1.00.  
☐ One Ready-Set camera. Price \$13.50.

Name.....

Address.....

Size of film.....

No.....

Cam. Model.....

Y.C.—7-16-25